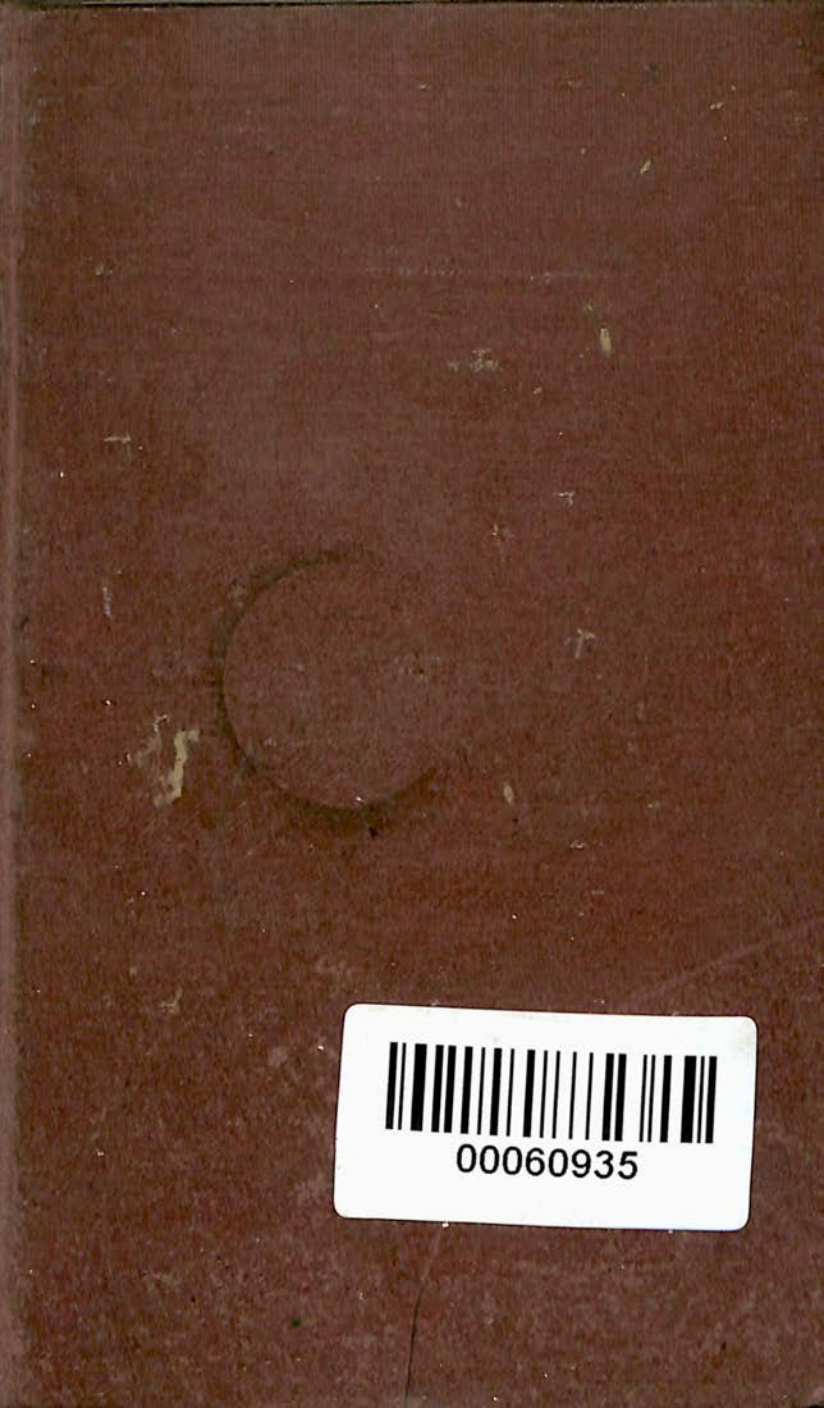
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PREFACE.

In the leading Poem of this Collection, the Author frankly acknowledges that he has so far failed, as to be under the necessity of sending it forth incomplete, or suppressing it altogether. Why he has not done the latter is of little importance to the Public, which will assuredly award him no more credit than his performance, taken as it is, can command; while the consequences of his temerity, or his misfortune, must remain wholly with himself.

The original plan was intended to embrace the most prominent events in the annals of

ancient and modern Greenland; — incidental descriptions of whatever is sublime or picturesque in the seasons and scenery, or peculiar in the superstitions, manners, and character of the natives — with a rapid retrospect of that moral revolution, which the Gospel has wrought among these people, by reclaiming them, almost universally, from idolatry and barbarism.

Of that part of the projected Poem which is here exhibited, the first three Cantos contain a sketch of the history of the ancient Moravian Church, the origin of the missions by that people to Greenland, and the voyage of the first three brethren who went thither in 1733. The fourth Canto refers principally to traditions concerning the Norwegian colonies, which are said to have existed on both shores of Greenland, from the tenth to the fifteenth centuries. In the fifth Canto the Author has attempted, in a series of episodes, to sum up and exemplify the chief causes of the extinction of those colonies, and the abandonment of Greenland,

for several centuries, by European voyagers. Although this Canto is entirely a work of imagination, the fiction has not been adopted merely as a substitute for lost facts, but as a vehicle for illustrating many of the most splendid and striking phenomena of the climate, for which a more appropriate place might not have been found, even if the Poem had been carried on to a successful conclusion. But having proceeded thus far, personal circumstances, and considerations which it would be impertinent to particularise here, compelled the Author to relinquish his enterprise. Whether he may ever have courage or opportunity to resume it, must depend on contingencies utterly beyond his power.

The principal subjects introduced in the course of the Poem, will be found in *Crantz*'s Histories of the Brethren and of Greenland, or in *Risler*'s Select Narratives, extracted from the records of the ancient *Unitas Fratrum*, or United Brethren. To the accounts of Iceland,

by various travellers, the Author is also much indebted.

Among the minor pieces that complete the present volume, a few will be found of a more religious character than compositions, which aim at the honours of poetry, generally assume. Though these may not be acceptable to all readers, no apology can be necessary for their insertion; and the writer ventures to cast them, with their companions, upon the liberality of that Public, whose final judgment will be unerring and irreversible.

Sheffield, March 27. 1819.

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GREENLAND.

CANTO I.

The three first Moravian Missionaries are represented as on their Voyage to Greenland, in the year 1733. — *Sketch of the descent, establishment, persecutions, extinction, and revival of the Church of the United Brethren from the tenth to the beginning of the eighteenth century.* — *The origin of their Missions to the West Indies and to Greenland.*

THE moon is watching in the sky; the stars
Are swiftly wheeling on their golden cars;
Ocean, outstretcht with infinite expanse,
Serenely slumbers in a glorious trance;
The tide o'er which no troubling spirits breathe,
Reflects a cloudless firmament beneath;
Where, poised as in the centre of a sphere,
A ship above and ship below appear;

A double image, pictured on the deep,
The vessel o'er its shadow seems to sleep;
Yet, like the host of heaven, that never rest,
With evanescent motion to the west,
The pageant glides through loneliness and night,
And leaves behind a rippling wake of light.

Hark! through the calm and silence of the scene,
Slow, solemn, sweet, with many a pause between,
Celestial music swells along the air!
— No; —'tis the evening hymn of praise and prayer
From yonder deck; where, on the stern retired,
Three humble voyagers, with looks inspired,
And hearts enkindled with a holier flame
Than ever lit to empire or to fame,
Devoutly stand: — their choral accents rise
On wings of harmony beyond the skies;
And 'midst the songs, that Seraph-Minstrels sing,
Day without night, to their immortal King,
These simple strains, — which erst Bohemian hills
Echoed to pathless woods and desert rills;

Now heard from Shetland's azure bound, — are known
In heaven; and He, who sits upon the throne
In human form, with mediatorial power,
Remembers Calvary, and hails the hour,
When, by the' Almighty Father's high decree,
The utmost north to Him shall bow the knee,
And, won by love, an untamed rebel-race
Kiss the victorious Sceptre of His grace.
Then to *His* eye, whose instant glance pervades
Heaven's heights, Earth's circle, Hell's profoundest shades,
Is there a group more lovely than those three
Night-watching Pilgrims on the lonely sea?
Or to *His* ear, that gathers in one sound
The voices of adoring worlds around,
Comes there a breath of more delightful praise
Than the faint notes his poor disciples raise,
Ere on the treacherous main they sink to rest,
Secure as leaning on their Master's breast?

They sleep: but memory wakes; and dreams array
Night in a lively masquerade of day;
The land they seek, the land they leave behind,
Meet on mid-ocean in the plastic mind:
One brings forsaken home and friends so nigh,
That tears in slumber swell the' unconscious eye;
The other opens, with prophetic view,
Perils, which e'en their fathers never knew,
(Though school'd by suffering, long inured to toil,
Outcasts and exiles from their natal soil;)
— Strange scenes, strange men; untold, untried distress;
Pain, hardships, famine, cold, and nakedness,
Diseases; death in every hideous form,
On shore, at sea, by fire, by flood, by storm;
Wild beasts and wilder men; — unmoved with fear,
Health, comfort, safety, life, they count not dear,
May they but hope a Saviour's love to show,
And warn one spirit from eternal woe;

Nor will they faint; nor can they strive in vain,
Since thus — to live is Christ, to die is gain.
'Tis morn: — the bathing moon her lustre shrouds;
Wide o'er the east impends an arch of clouds,
That spans the ocean; — while the infant dawn
Peeps through the portal o'er the liquid lawn,
That ruffled by an April gale appears,
Between the gloom and splendour of the spheres,
Dark-purple as the moorland-heath, when rain
Hangs in low vapours o'er the' autumnal plain:
Till the full Sun, resurgent from the flood,
Looks on the waves, and turns them into blood;
But quickly kindling, as his beams aspire,
The lambent billows play in forms of fire.
— Where is the Vessel? — Shining through the light,
Like the white sea-fowl's horizontal flight,
Yonder she wings, and skims, and cleaves her way
Through refluent foam and iridescent spray.

Lo! on the deck, with patriarchal grace,
Heaven in his bosom opening o'er his face,
Stands CHRISTIAN DAVID;—venerable name!
Bright in the records of celestial fame,
On earth obscure;—like some sequester'd star,
That rolls in its Creator's beams afar,
Unseen by man; till telescopic eye,
Sounding the blue abysses of the sky,
Draws forth its hidden beauty into light,
And adds a jewel to the crown of night.
Though hoary with the multitude of years,
Unshorn of strength, between his young compeers,
He towers;—with faith, whose boundless glance can see
Time's shadows brightening through eternity;
Love,—God's own love in his pure breast enshrined;
Love,—love to man the magnet of his mind;
Sublimer schemes maturing in his thought
Than ever statesman plann'd or warrior wrought;

While, with rejoicing tears, and rapturous sighs,
To heaven ascends their morning sacrifice. (*a*)
Whence are the pilgrims? whither would they roam?
Greenland their port;—Moravia *was* their home.
Sprung from a race of martyrs; men who bore
The cross on many a Golgotha, of yore;
When first Sclavonian tribes the truth received,
And princes at the price of thrones believed; (*b*)

(*a*) The names of the three first Moravian Missionaries to Greenland were *Christian David*, *Matthew Stach*, and *Christian Stach*.

(*b*) The Church of the United Brethren (first established under that name about the year 1460) traces its descent from the Sclavonian branch of the Greek Church, which was spread throughout Bohemia and Moravia, as well as the ancient Dalmatia. The Bulgarians were once the most powerful tribe of the Sclavic nations; and among them the Gospel was introduced in the ninth century. *See additional Note* (A) *in the Appendix.*

—When WALDO, flying from the' apostate west, (*c*)
In German wilds his righteous cause confess'd;
—When WICKLIFFE, like a rescuing Angel, found
The dungeon where the word of God lay bound,
Unloosed its chains; and led it by the hand,
In its own sunshine, through his native land: (*d*)
—When HUSS, the victim of perfidious foes,
To heaven upon a fiery chariot rose;

(*c*) With the Waldenses, the Bohemian and Moravian Churches, which never properly submitted to the authority of the Pope, held intimate communion for ages; and from *Stephen*, the last bishop of the Waldenses, in 1467, the United Brethren received their episcopacy. Almost immediately afterwards, those ancient confessors of the truth were dispersed by a cruel persecution, and *Stephen* himself suffered martyrdom, being burnt as a heretic at Vienna.

(*d*) *Wickliffe*'s writings were early translated into the Bohemian tongue, and eagerly read by the devout and persecuted people, who never had given up the Bible in their own language, nor consented to perform their church service in Latin. Archbishop *Sbinek*, of Prague, ordered the works of *Wickliffe* to be burnt by the hands of the hangman. He himself could scarcely read!

And ere he vanish'd, with a prophet's breath,
Foretold the' immortal triumphs of his death: (*e*)
—When ZISKA, burning with fanatic zeal,
Exchanged the Spirit's sword for patriot steel,
And through the heart of Austria's thick array
To Tabor's summit stabb'd resistless way;
But there (as if transfigured on the spot
The world's Redeemer stood) his rage forgot;
Deposed his arms and trophies in the dust,
Wept like a babe, and placed in God his trust,

(*e*) It is well known that *John Huss* (who might be called a disciple of our *Wickliffe*), though furnished with a safe-conduct by the emperor *Sigismund*, was burnt by a decree of the council of Constance. Several sayings, predictive of retribution to the priests, and reformation in the Church, are recorded, as being uttered by him in his last hours. Among others: — "A hundred years hence," said he, addressing his judges, "ye shall render an account of your doings to God and to me." — *Luther* appeared at the period thus indicated.

While prostrate warriors kiss'd the hallow'd ground,
And lay, like slain, in silent ranks around: (*f*)
—When mild GREGORIUS, in a lowlier field,
As brave a witness, as unwont to yield
As ZISKA's self, with patient footsteps trod
A path of suffering, like the Son of God,
And nobler palms, by meek endurance won,
Than if his sword had blazed from sun to sun: (*g*)
Though nature fail'd him on the racking wheel,
He felt the joys which parted spirits feel;

(*f*) After the martyrdom of *John Huss*, his followers and countrymen took up arms for the maintenance of their civil and religious liberties. The first and most distinguished of their leaders was *John Ziska*. He seized possession of a high mountain, which he fortified, and called *Tabor*. Here he and his people (who were hence called *Taborites*) worshipped God according to their consciences and his holy word; while in the plains they fought and conquered their persecutors and enemies.

(*g*) *See Note* (B) *in the Appendix*, for a brief account of this *Gregory*, and an illustration of the lines that follow concerning his trance and vision while he lay upon the rack.

Rapt into bliss from ecstasy of pain,
Imagination wander'd o'er a plain:
Fair in the midst, beneath a morning sky,
A tree its ample branches bore on high,
With fragrant bloom, and fruit delicious hung,
While birds beneath the foliage fed and sung;
All glittering to the sun with diamond dew,
O'er sheep and kine a breezy shade it threw;
A lovely boy, the child of hope and prayer,
With crook and shepherd's pipe, was watching there;
At hand three venerable forms were seen,
In simple garb, with apostolic mien,
Who mark'd the distant fields convulsed with strife,
—The guardian Cherubs of that Tree of Life;
Not arm'd like Eden's host, with flaming brands,
Alike to friends and foes they stretch their hands,
In sign of peace; and while Destruction spread
His path with carnage, welcomed all who fled:
—When poor COMENIUS, with his little flock,
Escaped the wolves, and from the boundary rock,

Cast o'er Moravian hills a look of woe,
Saw the green vales expand, the waters flow,
And happier years revolving in his mind,
Caught every sound that murmur'd on the wind;
As if his eye could never thence depart,
As if his ear were seated in his heart,
And his full soul would thence a passage break,
To leave the body, for his country's sake;
While on his knees he pour'd the fervent prayer,
That God would make that martyr-land his care,
And nourish in its ravaged soil a root
Of GREGOR's Tree, to bear perennial fruit. (*h*)

(*h*) *John Amos Comenius*, one of the most learned as well as pious men of his age, was minister of the Brethren's congregation at Fulneck, in Moravia, from 1618 to 1627, when the Protestant nobility and clergy being expatriated, he fled with a part of his people through Silesia into Poland. On the summit of the mountains forming the boundary, he turned his sorrowful eyes towards Bohemia and Moravia, and kneeling down with his brethren there, implored God, with many tears, that he would not take away the light of his holy word from those two provinces, but preserve in them a remnant for himself. A remnant *was* saved. *See Appendix, Note* (C).

His prayer was heard: — that Church, through ages past,
Assail'd and rent by persecution's blast;
Whose sons no yoke could crush, no burthen tire,
Unawed by dungeons, tortures, sword, and fire,
(Less proof against the world's alluring wiles,
Whose frowns have weaker terrors than its smiles;)
—That Church o'erthrown, dispersed, unpeopled, dead,
Oft from the dust of ruin raised her head,
And rallying round her feet, as from their graves,
Her exiled orphans, hid in forest-caves;
Where, 'midst the fastnesses of rocks and glens,
Banded like robbers, stealing from their dens,
By night they met, their holiest vows to pay,
As if their deeds were dark, and shunn'd the day;
While Christ's revilers, in his seamless robe,
And parted garments, flaunted round the globe;
From east to west while priestcraft's banners flew,
And harness'd kings his iron chariot drew:

— That Church advanced triumphant, o'er the ground,
Where all her conquering martyrs had been crown'd,
Fearless her foe's whole malice to defy,
And worship God in liberty, — or die:
For truth and conscience oft she pour'd her blood,
And firmest in the fiercest conflicts stood,
Wresting from bigotry the proud control
Claim'd o'er the sacred empire of the soul,
Where God, the judge of all, should fill the throne,
And reign, as in his universe, alone. (*i*)
'Twas thus through centuries she rose and fell;
At length victorious seem'd the gates of hell;
But founded on a rock, which cannot move —
The' eternal rock of her Redeemer's love —
That Church, which Satan's legions thought destroy'd,
Her name extinct, her place for ever void,

(*i*) *See Note* (D) *in the Appendix.*

Alive once more, respired her native air,
But found no freedom for the voice of prayer:
Again the cowl'd oppressor clank'd his chains,
Flourish'd his scourge, and threaten'd bonds and pains,
(His arm enfeebled could no longer kill,
But in his heart he was a murderer still:)
Then CHRISTIAN DAVID, strengthen'd from above,
Wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove;
Bold as a lion on his Master's part,
In zeal a seraph, and a child in heart;
Pluck'd from the gripe of antiquated laws,
(— Even as a mother from the felon jaws
Of a lean wolf, that bears her babe away,
With courage beyond nature, rends the prey,)
The little remnant of that ancient race:
— Far in Lusatian woods they found a place;
There — where the sparrow builds her busy nest,
And the clime-changing swallow loves to rest,
Thine altar, God of Hosts! — *there* still appear
The tribes to worship, unassail'd by fear;

Not like their fathers, vex'd from age to age
By blatant Bigotry's insensate rage,
Abroad in every place, — in every hour
Awake, alert, and ramping to devour.
No; peaceful as the spot where Jacob slept,
And guard all night the journeying angels kept,
Herrnhut yet stands amidst her shelter'd bowers;
— The Lord hath set his watch upon her towers.(*j*)

Soon, homes of humble form, and structure rude,
Raised sweet society in solitude:

(*j*) In 1721, (ninety-four years after the flight of *Comenius*) the Church of the United Brethren was revived by the persecuted refugees from Moravia (descendants of the old confessors of that name), who were led from time to time by *Christian David*, (himself a Moravian, but educated in the Lutheran persuasion,) to settle on an uncultivated piece of land, on an estate belonging to *Count Zinzendorf*, in Lusatia. *Christian David*, who was a carpenter, began the work of building a church in this wilderness, by striking his axe into a tree, and exclaiming, — "*Here hath the sparrow found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself; even thine altars, O Lord God of Hosts!*" They named the settlement *Herrnhut*, or *The Lord's Watch*. *See Appendix, Note* (E).

And the lorn traveller there, at fall of night,
Could trace from distant hills the spangled light,
Which now from many a cottage window stream'd,
Or in full glory round the chapel beam'd;
While hymning voices, in the silent shade,
Music of all his soul's affections made:
Where through the trackless wilderness erewhile,
No hospitable ray was known to smile;
Or if a sudden splendour kindled joy,
'Twas but a meteor dazzling to destroy:
While the wood echoed to the hollow owl,
The fox's cry, or wolf's lugubrious howl.
Unwearied as the camel, day by day,
Tracks through unwater'd wilds his doleful way,
Yet in his breast a cherish'd draught retains,
To cool the fervid current in his veins,
While from the sun's meridian realms he brings
The gold and gems of Ethiopian Kings:
So CHRISTIAN DAVID, spending yet unspent,
On many a pilgrimage of mercy went;

Through all their haunts his suffering brethren sought,
And safely to that land of promise brought;
While in his bosom, on the toilsome road,
A secret well of consolation flow'd,
Fed from the fountain near the' eternal throne,
— Bliss to the world unyielded and unknown.
In stillness thus the little Zion rose;
But scarcely found those fugitives repose,
Ere to the west with pitying eyes they turn'd;
Their love to Christ beyond the' Atlantic burn'd.
Forth sped their messengers, content to be
Captives themselves, to cheer captivity:
Soothe the poor Negro with fraternal smiles,
And preach deliverance in those prison-isles,
Where man's most hateful forms of being meet,
— The tyrant and the slave that licks his feet. (*k*)

(*k*) In 1732, when the congregation at Herrnhut consisted of about six hundred persons, including children, the two first missionaries sailed for the Danish island of St. Thomas, to preach the Gospel to the negroes; and such was their devotion to the

O'er Greenland next two youths in secret wept:
And where the sabbath of the dead was kept,
With pious forethought, while their hands prepare
Beds which the living and unborn shall share,
(For man so surely to the dust is brought,
His grave before his cradle may be wrought,)
They told their purpose, each o'erjoyed to find
His own idea in his brother's mind.
For counsel in simplicity they prayed,
And vows of ardent consecration made:
— Vows heard in heaven; from that accepted hour,
Their souls were clothed with confidence and power, (*l*)

---

good work, that being told that they could not have intercourse otherwise with the objects of their Christian compassion, they determined to sell themselves for slaves on their arrival, and work with the blacks in the plantations. But this sacrifice was not required. Many thousand negroes have since been truly converted in the West Indies.

(*l*) *Matthew Stach* and *Frederick Boenisch*, two young men, being at work together, preparing a piece of ground for a burial-place at Herrnhut, disclosed to each other their distinct desires

Nor hope deferr'd could quell their hearts' desire;
The bush once kindled grew amidst the fire;
But ere its shoots a tree of life became,
Congenial spirits caught the' electric flame;
And for that holy service, young and old,
Their plighted faith and willing names enroll'd;
Eager to change the rest, so lately found,
For life-long labours on barbarian ground;
To break, through barriers of eternal ice,
A vista to the gates of Paradise;
And light beneath the shadow of the pole
The tenfold darkness of the human soul;

---

to offer themselves to the congregation as missionaries to Greenland. They therefore became joint candidates. Considerable delay, however, occurred; and when it was at length determined to attempt the preaching of the Gospel there, *Frederick Boenisch* being on a distant journey, *Christian David* was appointed to conduct thither *Matthew Stach* and his cousin, *Christian Stach*, who sailed from Copenhagen on the 10th of April 1733, and landed in Ball's River on the 20th of May following.

To man, — a task more hopeless than to bless
With Indian fruits that arctic wilderness;
With God, — as possible when unbegun
As though the destined miracle were done.

Three chosen candidates at length went forth,
Heralds of mercy to the frozen north;
Like mariners with seal'd instructions sent,
They went in faith, (as childless Abram went
To dwell by sufferance in a land, decreed
The future birthright of his promised seed,)
Unknowing whither; — unenquiring why
Their lot was cast beneath so strange a sky,
Where cloud nor star appear'd, to mortal sense
Pointing the hidden path of Providence,
And all around was darkness to be felt;
— Yet in that darkness light eternal dwelt:
They knew, — and 'twas enough for them to know,
The still small voice that whisper'd them to go;
For He, who spake by that mysterious voice,
Inspired their will, and made His call their choice.

See the swift vessel bounding o'er the tide,
That wafts with CHRISTIAN DAVID for their guide,
Two young Apostles on their joyful way
To regions in the twilight verge of day:
Freely they quit the clime that gave them birth,
Home, kindred, friendship, all they loved on earth;
What things were gain before, accounting loss,
And glorying in the shame, they bear the cross;
— Not as the Spaniard, on his flag unfurl'd,
A bloody omen through a Pagan world:
— Not the vain image, which the Devotee
Clasps as the God of his idolatry;
But in their hearts, to Greenland's western shore,
That dear memorial of their Lord they bore,
Amidst the wilderness to lift the sign
Of wrath appeased by sacrifice divine;
And bid a serpent-stung and dying race
Look on their Healer, and be saved by grace.

GREENLAND.

CANTO II.

Hopes and Fears. — The Brethren pursue their Voyage. — A digression on Iceland.

WHAT are thine hopes, Humanity! — thy fears?
Poor voyager, upon this flood of years,
Whose tide, unturning, hurries to the sea
Of dark unsearchable eternity,
The fragile skiffs, in which thy children sail
A day, an hour, a moment, with the gale,
Then vanish; — gone like eagles on the wind,
Or fish in waves, that yield and close behind?
Thine hopes, — lost anchors buried in the deep,
That rust, through storm and calm, in iron sleep;

Whose cables, loose aloft and fix'd below,
Rot with the sea-weed, floating to and fro!
Thy Fears — are wrecks that strew the fatal surge,
Whose whirlpools swallow, or whose currents urge,
Adventurous barks on rocks, that lurk at rest,
Where the blue halcyon builds her foam-light nest;
Or strand them on illumined shoals, that gleam
Like drifted gold in summer's cloudless beam.
Thus would thy race, beneath their parent's eye,
Live without knowledge, without prospect die.
But when Religion bids her spirit breathe,
And opens bliss above and woe beneath;
When God reveals his march through Nature's night,
His steps are beauty, and his presence light,
His voice is life: — the dead in conscience start;
They feel a new creation in the heart.
Ah! then, Humanity, thy hopes, thy fears,
How changed, how wondrous! — On this tide of years,

Though the frail barks, in which thine offspring sail
Their day, their hour, their moment, with the gale,
Must perish;— Shipwreck only sets them free;
With joys unmeasured as eternity.
They ply on seas of glass their golden oars,
And pluck immortal fruits along the shores;
Nor shall *their* cables fail, *their* anchors rust,
Who wait the resurrection of the just:
Moor'd on the rock of ages, though decay
Moulder the weak terrestrial frame away,
The trumpet sounds, — and lo! wherever spread,
Earth, air, and ocean render back their dead;
And souls with bodies, spiritual and divine,
In the new heavens, like stars, for ever shine.
These are thine Hopes: — thy Fears what tongue can tell?
Behold them graven on the gates of Hell:
"The wrath of God abideth here: his breath
"Kindled the flames: — *this* is the second death."

'Twas Mercy wrote the lines of judgement there;
None who from earth can read them may despair!
Man!—let the warning strike presumption dumb;—
Awake, arise, escape the wrath to come;
No resurrection from *that* grave shall be;
The worm within is — immortality.

The terrors of Jehovah, and his grace,
The Brethren bear to earth's remotest race.
And now, exulting on their swift career,
The northern waters narrowing in the rear,
They rise upon the' Atlantic flood, that rolls
Shoreless and fathomless between the poles,
Whose waves the east and western world divide,
Then gird the globe with one circumfluent tide;
For mighty Ocean, by whatever name
Known to vain man, is every where the same,
And deems all regions by his gulfs embraced
But vassal tenures of his sovereign waste.
Clear shines the sun; the surge, intensely blue,
Assumes by day heaven's own aërial hue:

Buoyant and beautiful, as through a sky,
On balanced wings, behold the vessel fly;
Invisibly impell'd, as though it felt
A soul, within its heart of oak that dwelt,
Which broke the billows with spontaneous force,
Ruled the free elements, and chose its course.
Not so: — and yet along the trackless realm,
A hand unseen directs the' unconscious helm;
The Power that sojourn'd in the cloud by day,
And fire by night, on Israel's desert way;
That Power the obedient vessel owns: — His will,
Tempest and calm, and death and life, fulfil.
Day following day the current smoothly flows;
Labour is but refreshment from repose;
Perils are vanish'd; every fear resign'd;
Peace walks the waves, Hope carols on the wind;
And Time so sweetly travels o'er the deep,
They feel his motion like the fall of sleep

On weary limbs, that, stretch'd in stillness, seem
To float upon the eddy of a stream,
Then sink,—to wake in some transporting dream.
Thus, while the Brethren far in exile roam,
Visions of Greenland show their future home.
— Now a dark speck, but brightening as it flies,
A vagrant sea-fowl glads their eager eyes;
How lovely, from the narrow deck to see
The meanest link of nature's family,
Which makes us feel, in dreariest solitude,
Affinity with all that breathe renew'd:
At once a thousand kind emotions start,
And the blood warms and mantles round the heart!
— O'er the ship's lee, the waves in shadow seen,
Change from deep indigo to beryl green,
And wreaths of frequent weed, that slowly float,
Land to the watchful mariner denote:
Ere long the pulse beats quicker through his breast,
When, like a range of evening clouds at rest,

Iceland's grey cliffs and ragged coast he sees,
But shuns them, leaning on the southern breeze;
And while they vanish far in distance, tells
Of lakes of fire and necromancers' spells.
Strange Isle! a moment to poetic gaze
Rise in thy majesty of rocks and bays,
Glens, fountains, caves, that seem not things of earth,
But the wild shapes of some prodigious birth;
As if the kraken, monarch of the sea,
Wallowing abroad in his immensity,
By polar storms and lightning shafts assail'd,
Wedged with ice-mountains, here had fought and fail'd;
Perish'd—and in the petrifying blast,
His hulk became an island rooted fast: (a)

(a) The most horrible of fabulous sea-monsters is the *kraken* or *hafgufa*, which many of the Norway fishers pretend to have seen in part, but none entire. They say, that when they find a place which is at one time 80 or 100 fathoms deep and at another only 20 or 30, and also observe a multitude of fishes,

— Rather, from ocean's dark foundation hurl'd,
Thou art a type of his mysterious world,
Buoy'd on the desolate abyss, to show
What wonders of creation hide below.

Here Hecla's triple peaks, with meteor lights,
Nature's own beacons, cheer hybernal nights:
But when the orient flames in red array,
Like ghosts the spectral splendours flee the day;
Morn at her feet beholds supinely spread
The carcase of the old chimera dead,
That wont to vomit flames and molten ore,
Now cleft asunder to the inmost core;

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allured by a delicious exhalation which the kraken emits, they conclude that there is one below them. They therefore hasten to secure a large draught of the fry around them; but as soon as they perceive the soundings to grow shallower, they scud away, and from a safe distance behold him rising in a chain of ridges and spires, that thicken as they emerge, till they resemble the masts of innumerable vessels moored on a rocky coast. He then riots upon the fish that have been stranded and entangled in the forest of spikes upon his back, and having satiated his hunger, plunges into the depths with a violent agitation of the waters. See *Crantz's Greenland.*

In smouldering heaps, wide wrecks and cinders strown,
Lie like the walls of Sodom overthrown,
(Ere from the face of blushing Nature swept,
And where the city stood the Dead Sea slept;)
While inaccessible, tradition feigns,
To human foot the guarded top remains,
Where birds of hideous shape and doleful note,
Fate's ministers, in livid vapours float. (*b*)

Far off, amidst the placid sunshine, glow
Mountains with hearts of fire and crests of snow,
Whose blacken'd slopes with deep ravines entrench'd,
Their thunders silenced, and their lightnings quench'd,
Still the slow heat of spent eruptions breathe,
While embryo earthquakes swell their wombs beneath.

Hark! from yon caldron cave, the battle sound
Of fire and water warring under ground;

(*b*) Hecla is now the ruins of a volcano. The three peaks are said to be haunted by evil spirits in the shape of birds. The island abounds with volcanic mountains.

Rack'd on the wheels of an ebullient tide,
Here might some spirit, fallen from bliss, abide,
Such fitful wailings of intense despair,
Such emanating splendours fill the air. (*c*)
— He comes, he comes; the' infuriate Geyser springs
Up to the firmament on vapoury wings;
With breathless awe the mounting glory view;
White whirling clouds his steep ascent pursue.
But lo! a glimpse; — refulgent to the gale,
He starts all naked through his riven veil;
A fountain-column, terrible and bright,
A living, breathing, moving form of light:

(*c*) The Geysers, or boiling fountains, of Iceland, have been so frequently and so happily described, that their phenomena are sufficiently familiar to general readers not to require any particular illustration here. The Great Geyser, according to *Dr. Henderson*, (the latest traveller who has published an account of Iceland,) is seventy-eight feet in perpendicular depth, and from eight to ten feet in diameter: the mouth is a considerable basin, from which the column of boiling water is ejaculated to various heights; sometimes exceeding 100 feet.

From central earth to heaven's meridian thrown,
The mighty apparition towers alone,
Rising, as though for ever he could rise,
Storm and resume his palace in the skies.
All foam, and turbulence, and wrath below;
Around him beams the reconciling bow;
(Signal of peace, whose radiant girdle binds,
Till nature's doom, the waters and the winds;)
While mist and spray, condensed to sudden dews,
The air illumine with celestial hues,
As if the bounteous sun were raining down
The richest gems of his imperial crown.
In vain the spirit wrestles to break free,
Foot-bound to fathomless captivity;
A power unseen, by sympathetic spell
For ever working, — to his flinty cell,
Recalls him from the ramparts of the spheres;
He yields, collapses, lessens, disappears;
Darkness receives him in her vague abyss,
Around whose verge light froth and bubbles hiss,

While the low murmurs of the refluent tide
Far into subterranean silence glide,
The eye still gazing down the dread profound,
When the bent ear hath wholly lost the sound.
—But is he slain and sepulchred?—Again
The deathless giant sallies from his den,
Scales with recruited strength the etherial walls,
Struggles afresh for liberty,—and falls.
Yes, and for liberty the fight renew'd,
By day, by night, undaunted, unsubdued,
He shall maintain, till Iceland's solid base
Fail, and the mountains vanish from its face.
And can these fail?—Of Alpine height and mould
Schapta's unshaken battlements behold;
His throne an hundred hills; his sun-crown'd head
Resting on clouds; his robe of shadow spread
O'er half the isle; he pours from either hand
An unexhausted river through the land,
On whose fair banks, through valleys warm and green,
Cattle and flocks, and homes, and spires are seen.

Here Nature's earthquake pangs were never felt;
Here in repose hath man for ages dwelt;
The everlasting mountain seems to say,
"I am,—and I shall never pass away."
Yet fifty winters, and with huge uproar,
Thy pride shall perish;—thou shalt be no more;
Amidst chaotic ruins on the plain,
Those cliffs, these waters shall be sought in vain! (*d*)
—Through the dim vista of unfolding years,
A pageant of portentous woe appears.
Yon rosy groupes, with golden locks, at play,
I see them,—few, decrepid, silent, grey;
Their fathers all at rest beneath the sod,
Whose flowerless verdure marks the House of God,

(*d*) This imaginary prophecy (1733) was fulfilled just fifty years afterwards, in 1783. The *Schapta*, *Schaptka*, or *Skaftar Yokul* and its adjacencies were the subjects of the most tremendous volcanic devastation on record. Two rivers were sunk or evaporated, and their channels filled up with lava; many villages were utterly destroyed; and one fourth part of the island rendered nearly uninhabitable. Famine and pestilence followed.

Home of the living and the dead;—where meet
Kindred and strangers, in communion sweet,
When dawns the Sabbath on the block-built pile;
The kiss of peace, the welcome, and the smile
Go round; till comes the Priest, a father there,
And the bell knolls his family to prayer;
Angels might stoop from thrones in heaven, to be
Co-worshippers in such a family,
Whom from their nooks and dells, where'er they roam,
The Sabbath gathers to their common home.
Oh! I would stand a keeper at this gate
Rather than reign with kings in guilty state;
A day in such serene enjoyment spent
Were worth an age of splendid discontent!
—But whither am I hurried from my theme?
Schapta returns on the prophetic dream.

From eve till morn strange meteors streak the pole;
At cloudless noon mysterious thunders roll,
As if below both shore and ocean hurl'd
From deep convulsions of the nether world.

Anon the river, boiling from its bed,
Shall leap its bounds and o'er the lowlands spread,
Then waste in exhalation, — leaving void
As its own channel, utterly destroy'd,
Fields, gardens, dwellings, churches, and their graves,
All wreck'd or disappearing with the waves.
The fugitives that 'scape this instant death
Inhale slow pestilence with every breath;
Mephitic steams from Schapta's mouldering breast
With livid horror shall the air infest;
And day shall glare so foully on the sight,
Darkness were refuge from the curse of light.
Lo! far among the glaciers, wrapt in gloom,
The red precursors of approaching doom,
Scatter'd and solitary founts of fire,
Unlock'd by hands invisible, aspire;
Ere long more rapidly than eye can count,
Above, beneath, they multiply, they mount,
Converge, condense, — a crimson phalanx form,
And rage aloft in one unbounded storm;

From heaven's red roof the fierce reflections throw
A sea of fluctuating light below.
— Now the whole army of destroyers, fleet
As whirlwinds, terrible as lightnings, meet;
The mountains melt like wax along their course,
When downward, pouring with resistless force,
Through the void channel where the river roll'd,
To ocean's verge their flaming march they hold;
While blocks of ice, and crags of granite rent,
Half-fluid ore, and rugged minerals blent,
Float on the gulf, till molten or immersed,
Or in explosive thunderbolts dispersed.
Thus shall the Schapta, towering on the brink
Of unknown jeopardy, in ruin sink;
And this wild paroxysm of frenzy past,
At her own work shall Nature stand aghast.
Look on this desolation: — mark yon brow,
Once adamant, a cone of ashes now:
Here rivers swampt; there valleys levell'd, plains
O'erwhelm'd; — one black-red wilderness remains,

One crust of lava, through whose cinder-heat
The pulse of buried streams is felt to beat;
These form the frequent fissures, eddying white,
Sublimed to vapour, issue forth like light
Amidst the sulphury fumes, that drear and dun
Poison the atmosphere and blind the sun.
Above, as if the sky had felt the stroke
Of that volcano, and consumed to smoke,
One cloud appears in heaven, and one alone,
Hung round the dark horizon's craggy zone,
Forming at once the vast encircling wall,
And the dense roof of some Tartarean hall,
Propt by a thousand pillars, huge and strange,
Fantastic forms that every moment change,
As hissing, surging from the floor beneath,
Volumes of steam the' imprison'd waters breathe.
Then should the sun, ere evening gloom ascend,
Quick from the west the murky curtain rend,
And pour the beauty of his beams between
These hideous arches, and light up the scene;

At the sweet touch of his transforming rays
With amber lustre all the columns blaze,
And the thick folds of cumbrous fog aloof
Change to rich drapery of celestial woof:
With such enchantment air and earth were fraught,
Beyond the colouring of the wealthiest thought,
That Iceland Scalds, transported at the view,
Might deem the legends of their fathers true,
And here behold, illumining the waste,
The palace of immortal Odin placed;
Till rapt imagination joy'd to hear
The neigh of steeds, the clank of armour near,
And saw, in barbarous state, the tables spread
With shadowy food, and compass'd with the dead,
Weary from conflicts, — still the fierce delight
Of spectre-warriors, in the daily fight:
Then while they quaff'd the mead from sculls of foes,
By whirlwind gusts the din of battle rose;
The strife of tongues, the tournament of words
Following the shock of shields, the clash of swords;

Till, gorged and drunken at the' enormous feast,
Awhile their revels and their clamours ceased;
Ceased to the eye and ear; — yet where they lay,
Like sleeping lions, surfeited with prey,
In tawny groupes, recumbent through the den,
In dreams the heroes drank and fought again.
Away with such Divinities! their birth
Man's brain-sick superstition, and their mirth
Lust, rapine, cruelty; — their fell employ
God's works and their own votaries to destroy.
— The Runic Bard to nobler themes shall string
His ancient harp, and mightier triumphs sing:
For glorious days are risen on Iceland: — clear
The gospel-trumpet sounds to every ear,
And deep in many a heart the Spirit's voice
Bids the believing soul in hope rejoice.
O'er the stern face of this tempestuous isle,
Though briefly Spring, and Autumn never, smile,
Truth walks with naked foot the' unyielding snows,
And the glad desert blossoms like the rose.

Though earthquakes heave, though torrents drown
his cot,
Volcanoes waste his fields, — the peasant's lot
Is blest beyond the destiny of kings:
— Lifting his eyes above sublunar things,
Like dying Stephen, when he saw in prayer
Heaven open'd, and his Saviour beckoning there,
He cries, and clasps his Bible to his breast,
"Let the earth perish, — *here* is not my rest." (*e*)

(*e*) One of the finest specimens of Icelandic poetry extant is said to be the "*Ode to the British and Foreign Bible Society*," composed by the *Rev. John Thorlakson*, of Bœgisâ, the translator of MILTON'S *Paradise Lost* into his native tongue. Of this Ode there is a Latin translation by the learned Iceland Professor, *Finn Magnusson*. A spirited English version has also appeared. *Thorlakson* is a venerable old man, and holds church preferment to the amount of six pounds five shillings per annum, out of which he allows a stipend to a curate.

GREENLAND.

CANTO III.

The voyage to Greenland concluded. — A fog at sea. — Ice-fields. — Eclipse of the Sun. — The Greenland fable of Malina and Aninga. — A storm. — The ice-blink. — Northern lights. — The Brethren land.

How speed the faithful witnesses, who bore
The Bible and its hopes to Greenland's shore?
—Like Noah's ark, alone upon the wave,
(Of one lost world the' immeasurable grave,)
Yonder the ship, a solitary speck,
Comes bounding from the horizon; while on deck
Again imagination rests her wing,
And smooths her pinions, while the Pilgrims sing

Their vesper oraisons. — The Sun retires,
Not as he wont, with clear and golden fires;
Bewilder'd in a labyrinth of haze,
His orb redoubled, with discolour'd rays,
Struggles and vanishes; — along the deep,
With slow array, expanding vapours creep,
Whose folds, in twilight's yellow glare uncurl'd,
Present the dreams of an unreal world;
Islands in air suspended; marching ghosts
Of armies, shapes of castles, winding coasts,
Navies at anchor, mountains, woods, and streams,
Where all is strange, and nothing what it seems;
Till deep involving gloom, without a spark
Of star, moon, meteor, desolately dark,
Seals up the vision: — then, the Pilot's fears
Slacken his arm; a doubtful course he steers,
Till morning comes, but comes not clad in light;
Uprisen day is but a paler night,
Revealing not a glimpse of sea or sky;
The ship's circumference bounds the sailor's eye.

So cold and dense the' impervious fog extends,
He might have touch'd the point where being ends;
His bark is all the universe; so void
The scene, — as though creation were destroy'd,
And he and his few mates, of all their race,
Were here becalm'd in everlasting space. (*a*)
Silent and motionless, above, below,
The sails all struck, the waves unheard to flow,
In this drear blank of utter solitude,
Where life stands still, no faithless fears intrude;
Through that impervious veil the Brethren see
The face of omnipresent Deity:
Nor Him alone; — whate'er his hand hath made;
His glory in the firmament display'd;
The sun majestic in his course, and sole;
The moon and stars rejoicing round the pole;

(*a*) The incidents described in this Canto are founded upon the real events of the voyage of the Missionaries, as given in *Crantz*'s History. *See the Appendix, Note* (F).

Earth o'er its peopled realms and wastes unknown,
Clad in the wealth of every varying zone;
Ocean through all the' enchantment of his forms,
From breathing calms to devastating storms;
Heaven in the vision of eternal bliss,
Death's terrors, hell's unsearchable abyss;
— Though rapt in secrecy from human eye,
These in the mind's profound sensorium lie,
And, with their Maker, by a glance of thought,
Are in a moment to remembrance brought;
Then most, when most restrain'd the' imperfect sight,
God and his works shine forth in His own light.
Yet clearest through that veil the Pilgrims trace
Their Father's image in their Saviour's face;
A sigh can waft them to his feet in prayer,
Not Gabriel bends with more acceptance there,
Nor to the throne from heaven's pure altar rise
The odours of a sweeter sacrifice,
Than when before the mercy-seat they kneel,
And tell Him all they fear, or hope, or feel;

Perils without, and enemies within,
Satan, the world, temptation, weakness, sin;
Yet rest unshaken on his sure defence,
Invincible through his omnipotence:
"Oh! step by step," they cry, "direct our way,
And give thy grace, like manna, day by day;
The store of yesterday will not suffice,
To-morrow's sun to us may never rise;
Safe only, when our souls are stayed on Thee;
Rich only, when we know our poverty."

And step by step the Lord those suppliants led;
He gave them daily grace like daily bread;
By sea, on shore, through all their pilgrimage,
In rest and labour, to their latest age,
Sharp through their trials, and their comforts scant,
God was their refuge, and they knew not want.

On rustling pinions, like an unseen bird,
Among the yards, a stirring breeze is heard;
The conscious vessel wakes as from a trance,
Her colours float, the filling sails advance;

White from her prow the murmuring surge recedes:
— So the swan, startled from her nest of reeds,
Swells into beauty, and with curving chest,
Cleaves the blue lake, with motion soft as rest.
Light o'er the liquid lawn the pageant glides;
Her helm the well-experienced pilot glides,
And while he treads the mist-enveloped maze,
Turns to the magnet his enquiring gaze,
In whose mute oracle, where'er he steers,
The pointing hand of Providence appears;
With this, though months of gloom the main enrobe;
His keel might plough a furrow round the globe.

Again the night ascends without a star:
Low sounds come booming o'er the waves afar,
As if conflicting navies shook the flood,
With human thunders, in the strife of blood,
That slay more victims in one brief campaign,
Than heaven's own bolts through centuries have slain.
The seaman hearkens; — colour flies his cheek,
His stout heart throbs with fears he dare not speak:

No lightning-splendours streak the' unbroken gloom;
—His bark may shoot the gulph beyond the tomb,
And he, if e'er it come, may meet a light,
Which never yet hath dawn'd on living sight.
Fresher and fresher blows the' insurgent gale;
He reefs his tops, he narrows sail by sail,
Yet feels the ship with swifter impulse sweep
O'er mightier billows, the recoiling deep;
While still, with doleful omen on his ear,
Come the deaf echoes of those sounds of fear,
Distant, — yet every volley rolls more near.

Oh! in that agony of thought forlorn,
How longs the' impatient mariner for morn!
She wakes, — his eyes are wither'd to behold
The scene which her disastrous beams unfold:
The fog is vanish'd, but the welkin lowers,
Sharp hail descends, and sleet in blinding showers;
Ocean one bed of foam, with fury tost,
In undistinguishable whiteness lost,

Save where vast fields of ice their surface show,
Buoyant, but many a fathom sunk below:
Changing his station as the fragments pass,
Death stands the pilot of each ponderous mass;
Gathering his brow into the darkest frown,
He bolts his raft to run the victim down,
But shoots astern: — the shock the vessel feels,
A moment in the giddy whirlpool reels,
Then like an arrow soars, as through the air,
So high the salient waves their burthen bear.
Quick skirmishes with floating batteries past,
Ruin inevitable threats at last:
Athwart the north, like ships of battle spread,
Winter's flotilla, by their captain led,
(Who boasts with these to make his prowess known,
And plant his foot beyond the arctic zone,)
Islands of ice, so wedged and grappled lie,
One moving continent appals the eye,

And to the ear renews those notes of doom,
That brought portentous warnings through the gloom;
For loud and louder, with explosive shocks,
Sudden convulsions split the frost-bound rocks,
And launch loose mountains on the frothing ooze,
As pirate-barks, on summer seas to cruise.
In front this perilous array;—behind,
Borne on the surges, driven by the wind,
The vessel hurries to the brink of fate;
All efforts fail,—but prayer is not too late:
Then, in the imminent and ghastly fall
Foul on destruction,—the disciples call
On Him, their Master, who, in human form,
Slept in the lap of the devouring storm;
On Him, who in the midnight watch was seen,
Walking the gulph, ineffably serene,
At whose rebuke the tempest ceased to roar,
The winds caress'd the waves, the waves the shore:

On Him they call;—their prayer, in faith preferr'd,
Amidst the frantic hurricane is heard;
He gives the sign, by none in earth or heaven
Known, but by him to whom the charge is given,
The Angel of the Waters;—he, whose wrath
Had hurl'd the vessel on that shipwreck path,
Becomes a minister of grace;—his breath
Blows,—and the enemies are scatter'd,—Death,
Reft of his quarry, plunges through the wave,
Buried himself where he had mark'd their grave.
The line of battle broken, and the chain
Of that armada, which oppress'd the main,
Snapt hopelessly asunder, quickly all
The' enormous masses in disruption fall,
And the weak vessel, through the chaos wild,
Led by the mighty Angel,—as a child,
Snatch'd from its crib, and in the mother's arms
Borne through a midnight tumult of alarms,—
Escapes the wrecks; nor slackens her career,
Till sink the forms, and cease the sounds of fear,

And He, who rules the universe at will,
Saith to the reinless elements, "Be still."

Then rise sweet hymns of gratulation; praise
From hearts and voices, in harmonious lays;—
So Israel sang deliverance, when he stood
By the Red Sea, and saw the morning-flood,
That in its terrible embraces bore
The slain pursuers and their spoils on shore.

Light-breathing gales awhile their course propel,
The billows roll with pleasurable swell,
Till the seventh dawn; when o'er the pure expanse
The sun, like lightning, throws his earliest glance,
"Land! Land!" exclaims the ship-boy from the mast,
"Land! Land!" with one electric shock hath pass'd
From lip to lip, and every eye hath caught
The cheering glimpse so long, so dearly sought;
Yet must imagination half supply
The doubtful streak, dividing sea and sky;
Nor clearly known, till in sublimer day,
From icy cliffs refracted splendours play,

And clouds of sea-fowl high in ether sweep,
Or fall like stars through sunshine on the deep.
'Tis Greenland! but so desolately bare,
Amphibious life alone inhabits there;
'Tis Greenland! yet so beautiful the sight,
The Brethren gaze with undisturb'd delight:
In silence, (as before the Throne,) they stand,
And pray, in prospect of that promised land,
That He, who sends them thither may abide
Through the waste howling wilderness their guide;
And the good shepherd seek his straying flocks,
Lost on those frozen waves and herbless rocks,
By the still waters of his comforts lead,
And in the pastures of salvation feed.

Their faith must yet be tried: — the sun at noon
Shrinks from the shadow of the passing moon,
Till, ray by ray of all his pomp bereft,
(Save one slight ring of quivering lustre left,)
Total eclipse involves his peerless eye:
Portentous twilight creeps around the sky;

The frighted sea-birds to their haunts repair;
There is a freezing stillness in the air,
As if the blood through Nature's veins ran cold,
A prodigy so fearful to behold;
A few faint stars gleam through the dread serene,
Trembling and pale spectators of the scene;
While the rude mariners, with stern amaze,
As on some tragic excecution gaze,
When calm but awful guilt is stretcht to feel
The torturing fire, or dislocating wheel,
And life, like light from yonder orb, retires,
Spark after spark, till the whole man expires.
Yet may the darken'd sun and mourning skies
Point to a higher, holier sacrifice;
The Brethren's thoughts to Calvary's brow ascend,
Round the Redeemer's Cross their spirits bend,
And while heaven frowns, earth shudders, graves disclose
The forms of sleepers, startled from repose,

They catch the blessing of his latest breath,
Mark his last look, and through the' eclipse of death
See lovelier beams than Tabor's vision shed,
Wreathe a meek halo round his sacred head.
To Greenland then, with quick compassion, turn
Their deepest sympathies; their bosoms burn,
To her barbarian race, with tongues of flame,
His love, his grief, his glory to proclaim.
O could they view, in this alarming hour,
Those wretched ones, themselves beneath the power
Of darkness, while the shadow clips the sun!
How to their dens the fierce sea-hunters run,
Who death in every shape of peril brave,
By storms and monsters, on the faithless wave,
But now in speechless horror lie aghast,
Till the malignant prodigy be past:
While bolder females, with tormenting spells,
Consult their household dogs as oracles,

And by the yelping of their curs divine,
That still the earth may stand, the sun may shine.
Then forth they creep, and to their offspring tell
What fate of old a youth and maid befell: (*b*)
How, in the age of night, ere day was born
On the blue hills of undiscover'd morn;
Where one pale cresset twinkled through the shade,
MALINA and her gay companions play'd
A thousand mimic sports, as children wont;
They hide, they seek, they shoot, harpoon and hunt;
When lo! ANINGA, passionate and young,
Keen as a wolf, upon his sister sprung,
And pounc'd his victim;—gentler way to woo
He knew not, or he scorn'd it if he knew:
MALINA snatch'd her lamp, and in the dark
Dash'd on his felon-front a hideous mark,

(*b*) For the fable of *Malina* and *Aninga*, (the Sun and the Moon,) see Note G. of the Appendix; which also explains the allusions here made to the terror of the men, and the courage and spells of the women, during eclipses of the Sun.

Slipt from his foul embrace, (and laugh'd aloud,)
Soft as the rainbow melting from the cloud;
Then shot to heaven, and in her wondrous flight
Transform'd her image, sparkled into light,
Became the sun, and through the firmament,
Forth in the glory of a goddess went.
ANINGA baffled, madden'd, unsubdued,
By her own beams the fugitive pursued,
And when she set, his broad disfigured mien
As the dim moon among the stars was seen;
Thenceforward doom'd his sister's steps to chase,
But ne'er o'ertake in heaven's eternal race.
Yet when his vanish'd orb might seem to sleep,
He takes his monthly pastime on the deep,
Through storms, o'er cataracts, in his Kayak sails,
Strikes with unerring dart the polar whales,
Or o'er ice-mountains, in his dog-drawn car,
Pursues the rein-deer to the farthest star.
But when eclipse his baneful disk invades,
He prowls for prey among the Greenland maids,

Till roaring drums, belabouring sticks, and cries
Repel the errant Demon to the skies.
The sun hath cast aside his veil; — he shines
With purest splendour till his orb declines;
Then landward, marshalling in black array,
Eruptive vapours drive him from the day;
And night again, with premature controul,
Binds light in chains of darkness o'er the pole;
Heaven in one ebon mass of horror scowls:
— Anon a universal whirlwind howls,
With such precipitation dash'd on high,
Not from one point, but from the whole dark sky,
The surges at the onset shrink aghast,
Borne down beneath the paralyzing blast;
But soon the mad tornado slants its course,
And rolls them into mountains by main force,
Then utterly embroil'd, through clouds and waves,
As 'twixt two oceans met in conflict, raves.
Now to the passive bark, alternate tost,
Above, below, both sea and sky are lost,

All but the giddy summit, where her keel
Hangs in light balance on the billowy wheel;
Then, as the swallow in his windward flight,
Quivers the wing, returns, and darts downright,
She plunges through the blind abyss, and o'er
Her groaning masts the cavern'd waters roar.
Ruled by the hurricane, no more the helm
Obeys the pilot;— seas on seas o'erwhelm
The deck; where oft embattled currents meet,
Foam in white whirlpools, flash to spray, retreat,
And rock the vessel with their huge turmoils,
Like the cork-float around the fisher's toils.
Three days of restless agony, that seem
Of one delirious night the waking dream,
The mariners in vain their labours ply,
Or sick at heart in pale despondence lie.
The Brethren weak, yet firm as when they faced
Winter's ice-legions on his own bleak waste,
In patient hope, that utters no complaint,
Pray without ceasing; pray, and never faint;

Assured that He, who from the tempest's neck
Hath loosed his grasp, still holds it at his beck,
And with a pulse too deep for mortal sense,
—The secret pulse of his omnipotence,
That beats through every motion of the storm,
—Can check destruction in its wildest form:
Bow'd to his will,—their lot how truly blest,
Who live to serve Him, and who die to rest!
To live and serve him is their Lord's decree;
He curbs the wind, he calms the' infuriate sea;
The sea and wind their Maker's yoke obey,
And waft his servants on their destined way.
Though many a league by that disaster driven
'Thwart from their course; with planks and cordage riven,
With hands disabled, and exhausted strength,
The active crew refit their bark at length;
Along the placid gulph, with heaving sails,
That catch from every point propitious gales,

Led like the moon, from infancy to age,
Round the wide zodiac of her pilgrimage,
Onward and smooth their voyage they pursue
Till Greenland's coast again salutes their view.
'Tis sunset: to the firmament serene,
The' Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous scene;
Broad in the cloudless west, a belt of gold
Girds the blue hemisphere; above unroll'd
The keen, clear air grows palpable to sight,
Embodied in a flush of crimson light,
Through which the evening star, with milder gleam,
Descends to meet her image in the stream.
Far in the east, what spectacle unknown
Allures the eye to gaze on it alone?
— Amidst black rocks, that lift on either hand
Their countless peaks, and mark receding land;
Amidst a tortuous labyrinth of seas,
That shine around the arctic Cyclades;

Amidst a coast of dreariest continent,
In many a shapeless promontory rent;
— O'er rocks, seas, islands, promontories spread,
The Ice-Blink rears its undulated head, (*c*)
On which the sun, beyond the' horizon shrined,
Hath left his richest garniture behind;
Piled on a hundred arches, ridge by ridge,
O'er fix'd and fluid strides the Alpine bridge,
Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal eye
Hewn from cerulean quarries of the sky;
With glacier-battlements, that crowd the spheres,
The slow creation of six thousand years,
Amidst immensity it towers sublime,
— Winter's eternal palace, built by Time:

(*c*) The term *Ice-Blink* is generally applied by our mariners to the nocturnal illumination in the heavens, which denotes to them the proximity of ice mountains. In this place a description is attempted of the most stupendous accumulation of ice in the known world, which has been long distinguished by this peculiar name by the Danish navigators.

All human structures by his touch are borne
Down to the dust; — mountains themselves are worn
With his light footsteps; *here* for ever grows,
Amid the region of unmelting snows,
A monument; where every flake that falls,
Gives adamantine firmness to the walls.
The sun beholds no mirror, in his race,
That shows a brighter image of his face;
The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest
Like signal fires on its illumined crest;
The gliding moon around the ramparts wheels,
And all its magic lights and shades reveals;
Beneath, the tide with idle fury raves
To undermine it through a thousand caves;
Rent from its roof, though thundering fragments oft
Plunge to the gulph; immoveable aloft,
From age to age, in air, o'er sea, on land,
Its turrets heighten and its piers expand.

Midnight hath told his hour; the moon yet young,
Hangs in the argent west her bow unstrung;

Larger and fairer, as her lustre fades,
Sparkle the stars amidst the deepening shades:
Jewels more rich than night's regalia gem
The distant Ice-Blink's spangled diadem;
Like a new morn from orient darkness, there
Phosphoric splendours kindle in mid air,
As though from heaven's self-opening portals came
Legions of spirits in an orb of flame,
— Flame, that from every point an arrow sends,
Far as the concave firmament extends:
Spun with the tissue of a million lines,
Glistening like gossamer the welkin shines:
The constellations in their pride look pale
Through the quick trembling brilliance of that veil:
Then suddenly converged, the meteors rush
O'er the wide south; one deep vermilion blush
O'erspreads Orion glaring on the flood,
And rabid Sirius foams through fire and blood;
Again the circuit of the pole they range,
Motion and figure every moment change,

Through all the colours of the rainbow run,
Or blaze like wrecks of a dissolving sun;
Wide ether burns with glory, conflict, flight,
And the glad ocean dances in the light.

The seaman's jealous eye askance surveys
This pageantry of evanescent rays,
While in the horror of misgiving fear
New storms already thunder on his ear.
But morning comes, and brings him sweet release;
Day shines and sets; at evening all is peace:
Another and another day is past;
The fourth appears, — the loveliest and the last;
The sails are furl'd; the anchor drags the sand;
The boat hath cross'd the creek; — the Brethren land.

GREENLAND.

CANTO IV.

Retrospect of ancient Greenland: — The discovery of Iceland, of Greenland, of Wineland. The Norwegian colonies on the eastern and western coasts of Greenland; the appearance of the Skraellings, or modern Greenlanders, in the west, and the destruction of the Norwegian settlers in that quarter.

HERE while in peace the weary Pilgrims rest,
Turn we our voyage from the new-found west,
Sail up the current of departed time,
And seek along its banks that vanish'd clime,
By ancient scalds in Runic verse renown'd,
Now like old Babylon no longer found.

— " Oft was I weary when I toil'd at thee;" (a)
This, on an oar abandon'd to the sea,
Some hand had graven: — From what founder'd boat
It fell; — how long on ocean's waves afloat;
— Who mark'd it with that melancholy line;
No record tells: — Greenland! such fate was thine;
Whate'er thou wast, of thee remains no more
Than a brief legend on a foundling oar;
And he, whose song would now revive thy fame,
Grasps but the shadow of a mighty name.

From Asia's fertile womb, when Time was young,
And earth a wreck, the sires of nations sprung;
In Shinar's land of rivers, Babel's tower
Stood the lorn relic of their scatter'd power;

(a) About the middle of the seventeenth century, an oar was drifted on the coast of Iceland, bearing this inscription in Runic characters:

" *Oft var ek āasa, dur ek dro thik.*"

" *Oft was I weary when I drew thee.*" This oar was conjectured to have been brought from East Greenland, a hundred and fifty years after the last ship sailed from Norway for that coast.

A broken pillar, snapt as from the spheres,
Slow-wasting through the silent lapse of years,
While o'er the regions, by the flood destroy'd,
The builders breathed new life throughout the void;
Soul, passion, intellect; till blood of man
Through every artery of Nature ran;
O'er eastern islands pour'd its quickening stream,
Caught the warm crimson of the western beam,
Beneath the burning line made fountains start
In the dry wilderness of Afric's heart,
And through the torpid north, with genial heat,
Taught love's exhilarating pulse to beat;
Till the great sun, in his perennial round,
Man, of all climes the restless native, found,
Pursuing folly in his vain career,
As if existence were immortal here;
While on the fathers' graves the sons, untaught
By their mischance, the same illusions sought,
By gleams and shadows measur'd woe and bliss,
As though unborn for any world but this.

Five thousand years, unvisited, unknown,
Greenland lay slumbering in the frozen zone, —
While heaven's resplendent host pursued their way
To light the wolf and eagle to their prey,
And tempests o'er the main their terrors spread
To rock Leviathan upon his bed; —
Ere Ingolf his undaunted flag unfurl'd
To search the secrets of the polar world. (*b*)
'Twas Liberty, that fires the coldest veins,
And exile, famine, death, prefers to chains;

(*b*) Among numerous incoherent traditions, it is recorded, that Iceland was first discovered by one *Flokko*, a pirate, who being bewildered at sea, let fly (as was the custom of the Norwegians in such extremities) a raven, which soaring to a great elevation, discerned land, and made for it. *Flokko* followed, and arriving at a mountainous coast covered with snow and glaciers, called it Iceland. Some time afterwards, about the year 874, *Ingolf*, a Norwegian earl, with his vassals, escaping from the tyranny of *Harold Harfagar*, pursued the same course as *Flokko*, and by the same experiment with a raven, discovered Iceland; which he and his followers peopled, and there he established a commonwealth that reflected honour on an age of barbarism.

'Twas Liberty, through floods unplough'd before,
That led his gallant crew from Norway's shore;
They cut their cable, and in thunder broke,
With their departing oars, the tyrant's yoke;
The deep their country, and their bark their home,
A floating isle, on which they joy'd to roam
Amidst immensity; with waves and wind,
Now sporting and now wrestling;— unconfined,
Save by the blue surrounding firmament,
Full, yet for ever widening, as they went:
Thus sail'd those mariners, unheeding where
They found a port, if Freedom anchor'd there.
By stars that never set, their course they steer'd,
And northward with indignant impulse veer'd,
For sloth had lull'd, and luxury o'errun,
And bondage seized, the realms that loved the sun.
At length by mountain-ice, with perils strange,
Menaced, repell'd, and forced their track to change,
They bade the unimprison'd raven fly,
A living compass through the chartless sky:

Up to the zenith, swift as fire, he soar'd,
Through the clear boundless atmosphere explored
The dim horizon stretcht beneath his sight;
Then to the west full-onward shot his flight:
Thither they follow; till from Thule's rocks,
Around the bird of tempests rose the flocks
Of screaming sea-fowl, widening ring o'er ring,
Till heaven grew dark; then wheeling on the wing
Landward they whiten all the rocks below,
Or diving melt into the gulph like snow.
Pleased with the proud discovery, Ingolf gave
His lintel and his door-posts to the wave,
Divining as they drifted to the strand
The will of destiny, — the place to land. (c)
There on a homeless soil his foot he placed,
Framed his hut-palace, colonized the waste,

(c) This device of superstition is borrowed from the tradition concerning *Ingolf*, and probably the same was frequently employed by the northern rovers, leaving their native country, and seeking a home in strange lands.

And ruled his horde with patriarchal sway ;
— Where justice reigns, 'tis freedom to obey :
And there his race, in long succession blest,
(Like generations in the eagle's nest,
Upon their own hereditary rock,)
Flourish'd, invincible to every shock
Of time, chance, foreign force, or civil rage, —
A noble dynasty from age to age ;
And Iceland shone, for generous lore renown'd,
A northern light, when all was gloom around.

Ere long by brave adventurers on the tide,
A new Hesperian region was descried,
Which fancy deem'd, or fable feign'd so fair,
Fleets from old Norway pour'd their settlers there,
Who traced and peopled far that double shore,
Round whose repelling rocks two oceans roar,
Till at the southern promontory, tost
By tempests, each is in its rival lost.
Thus Greenland (so that arctic world they named)
Was planted, and to utmost Calpe famed

For wealth exhaustless, which her seas could boast,
And prodigies of Nature on her coast;
Where, in the green recess of every glen,
The House of Prayer o'ertopt the' abodes of men,
And flocks and cattle grazed by summer-streams,
That track'd the valleys with meandering gleams:
While on the mountains ice eternal frown'd,
And growing glaciers deepen'd tow'rds the ground,
Year after year, as centuries roll'd away,
Nor lost one moment till that judgement-day,
When eastern Greenland from the world was rent,
Ingulph'd, — or fix'd one frozen continent. (*d*)

(*d*) The extravagant accounts of the fertility of ancient Greenland need not be particularised here. Some of the annals state, that the best wheat grew to perfection in the valleys, that the forests were extensive and luxuriant; flocks and herds were numerous, and very large and fat, &c. At *St. Thomas's Cloister*, there was a natural fountain of hot water (*a geyser*), which, being conveyed by pipes into all the apartments of the monks,

'Twere long and dreary to recount in rhyme
The crude traditions of that long-lost clime:
To sing of wars, by barbarous chieftains waged,
In which as fierce and noble passions raged,
Heroes as subtle, bold, remorseless, fought,
And deeds as dark and terrible were wrought,
As round Troy-walls became the splendid themes
Of Homer's song, and Jove's Olympian dreams;
When giant-prowess, in the iron field,
With single arm made phalanx'd legions yield;
When battle was but massacre, — the strife
Of murderers, — steel to steel, and life to life.
— Who follows Homer takes the field too late;
Though stout as Hector, sure of Hector's fate,
A wound as from Achilles' spear he feels,
Falls, and adorns the Grecian's chariot-wheels.

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ministered to their comfort in many ways. Adjoining this cloister there was a richly cultivated garden, through which a warm rivulet flowed, and rendered the soil so fertile, that it produced the most beautiful flowers, and the most delicious fruits.

Nor stay we monkish legends to rehearse;
To build their cloister-walls in Gothic verse;
Of groves and gardens, wine and music tell;
Fresh roses breathing round the hermit's cell,
And baths, in which Diana's nymphs might lave,
— From earth's self-opening veins the blood-warm wave,
Whose genial streams, amidst disparted ice,
Made lapse of verdure, — like those isles of spice
In eastern seas; or rich oases, graced
With flowers and fountains, in the Lybian waste.

Rather the muse would stretch a mightier wing,
Of a new world the earliest dawn to sing;
How, — long ere Science, in a dream of thought,
Earth's younger daughter to Columbus brought,
And sent him, like the Faerie Prince, in quest
Of *that* "bright virgin throned in the west," (e)

(e) *Spenser* introduces *Prince Arthur* as traversing the world in search of his mistress *Gloriana*, whom he had only seen in a

— Greenland's bold sons, by instinct, sallied forth
On barks, like icebergs drifting from the north,
Cross'd without magnet undiscover'd seas,
And, all surrendering to the stream and breeze,
Touch'd on the line of that twin-bodied land,
That stretches forth to either pole a hand,
From arctic wilds, that see no winter-sun,
To where the oceans of the world are one,
And round Magellan's streights, Fuego's shore,
Atlantic, Indian, and Pacific roar.

Regions of beauty there these rovers found,
The flowery hills with emerald woods were crown'd;
Spread o'er the vast savannahs, buffalo herds
Ranged without master; and the bright-wing'd birds

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dream. The discovery of a region in the west, by the Greenland Norwegians, about the year 1000, and intercourse maintained with it for 120 years afterwards, may be considered as the most curious fact or fable connected with the history of these colonists. The reason why it was called *Wineland*, is given in the sequel. *See also Note* (H.) *in the Appendix*.

Made gay the sunshine as they glanced along,
Or turn'd the air to music with their song.
Here from his mates a German youth had stray'd,
Where the broad river cleft the forest glade;
Swarming with alligator-shoals, the flood
Blazed in the sun, or moved in clouds of blood;
The wild boar rustled headlong through the brake;
Like a live arrow leapt the rattle-snake;
The uncouth shadow of the climbing bear
Crawl'd on the grass, while he aspired in air;
Anon with hoofs, like hail, the greenwood rang,
Among the scattering deer a panther sprang:
The stripling fear'd not, — yet he trod with awe,
As if enchantment breathed o'er all he saw,
Till in his path uprose a wilding vine;
— Then o'er his memory rush'd the noble Rhine;
Home and its joys, with fulness of delight,
So rapt his spirit, so beguiled his sight,
That in those glens of savage solitude,
Vineyards and corn-fields, towns and spires he view'd,

And through the image-chamber of his soul,
The days of other years like shadows stole;
All that he once had been again he grew,
Through every stage of life he pass'd anew:
The playmates of his infancy were there,
With dimpled cheeks, blue eyes, and flaxen hair;
The blithe companions of his riper youth,
And one whose heart was love, whose soul was truth.
—When the quick-mingling pictures of that dream
(Like broken scenery on a troubled stream,
Where sky and landscape, light and darkness, run
Through widening circles,) harmonized in one,
His father's cot appear'd, with vine-leaves drest,
And clusters pendent round the swallow's nest;
In front the little garden, at whose gate,
Amidst their progeny, his parents sate,
He only absent;—but his mother's eye
Look'd through a tear;—she reach'd him with a sigh:
Then in a moment vanish'd time and space,
And with a shout he rush'd to her embrace;

Round hills and dales the joyful tidings spread,
All ran to welcome TYRKER from the dead.
With bliss inebriate, in that giddy trance,
He led his waltzing partner through the dance;
And while he pluck'd the grapes that blush'd at hand,
Trod the rich wine-press in his native land,
Quaff'd the full flowing goblet, loosed his tongue,
And songs of vintage, harvest, battle sung.
At length his shipmates came: their laughter broke
The gay delusion; in alarm he 'woke:
Transport to silent melancholy changed;
At once from love, and joy, and hope estranged,
O'er his blank mind, with cold bereaving spell,
Came that heart-sickness, which no tongue can tell;
— Felt when, in foreign climes, 'midst sounds unknown,
We hear the speech or music of our own,
Roused to delight, from drear abstraction start,
And feel our country beating at our heart;

The rapture of a moment;—in its birth
It perishes for ever from the earth;
And dumb, like shipwreck'd mariners we stand,
Eyeing by turns the ocean and the land,
Breathless;—till tears the struggling thought release,
And the lorn spirit weeps itself to peace.

Wineland the glad discoverers call'd that shore,
And back the tidings of its riches bore;
But soon return'd with colonizing bands,
—Men that at home would sigh for unknown lands;
Men of all weathers, fit for every toil,
War, commerce, pastime, peace, adventure, spoil;
Bold master-spirits, where they touch'd they gain'd
Ascendance; where they fix'd their foot they reign'd.
Both coasts they long inherited, though wide
Dissever'd; stemming to and fro the tide,
Free as the Syrian dove explores the sky,
Their helm their hope, their compass in their eye,
They found at will, where'er they pleased to roam,
The ports of strangers or their northern home,

Still 'midst tempestuous seas and zones of ice,
Loved as their own, their *unlost* Paradise.
— Yet was their Paradise for ever lost:
War, famine, pestilence, the power of frost,
Their woes combining, wither'd from the earth
This late creation, like a timeless birth,
The fruit of age and weakness, forced to light,
Breathing awhile, — relapsing into night.
Ages had seen the vigorous race, that sprung
From Norway's stormy forelands, rock'd when young
In ocean's cradle, hardening as they rose,
Like mountain-pines amidst perennial snows:
— Ages had seen these sturdiest sons of Time
Strike root and flourish in that ruffian clime,
Commerce with lovelier lands and wealthier hold,
Yet spurn the lures of luxury and gold,
Beneath the umbrage of the Gallic vine,
For moonlight snows and cavern-shelter pine,
Turn from Campanian fields a lofty eye
To gaze upon the glorious Alps, and sigh,

Remembering Greenland; more and more endear'd,
As far and farther from its shores they steer'd;
Greenland their world,—and all was strange beside;
Elsewhere they wander'd: here they lived and died.

At length a swarthy tribe, without a name,
Unknown the point of windward whence they came;
The power by which stupendous gulphs they cross'd,
Or compass'd wilds of everlasting frost,
Alike mysterious;—found their sudden way
To Greenland; pour'd along the western bay
Their straggling families; and seized the soil
For their domain, the ocean for their spoil.
Skraellings the Normans call'd these hordes in scorn,
That seem'd created on the spot,—though born
In trans-Atlantic climes, and thither brought
By paths as covert as the birth of thought;
They were at once;—the swallow-tribes in spring
Thus daily multiply upon the wing,
As if the air, their element of flight,
Brought forth new broods from darkness every night;

Slipt from the secret hand of Providence,
They come we see not how, nor know we whence. (*f*)
A stunted, stern, uncouth, amphibious stock,
Hewn from the living marble of the rock,
Or sprung from mermaids, and in ocean's bed,
With orcs and seals, in sunless caverns bred,
They might have held, from unrecorded time,
Sole patrimony in that hideous clime,
So lithe their limbs, so fenced their frames to bear
The intensest rigours of the polar air;
Nimble, and muscular, and keen to run
The rein-deer down a circuit of the sun;
To climb the slippery cliffs, explore their cells,
And storm and sack the sea-birds' citadels;
In bands, through snows, the mother-bear to trace,
Slay with their darts the cubs in her embrace,
And, while she lick'd their bleeding wounds, to brave
Her deadliest vengeance in her inmost cave:

(*f*) *See Note* (I.) *of the Appendix.*

Train'd with inimitable skill to float,
Each, balanced in his bubble of a boat,
With dexterous paddle steering through the spray,
With poised harpoon to strike his plunging prey,
As though the skiff, the seaman, oar, and dart
Were one compacted body, by one heart
With instinct, motion, pulse, empower'd to ride
A human Nautilus upon the tide;
Or with a fleet of Kayaks to assail
The desperation of the stranded whale,
When wedged 'twixt jagged rocks he writhes and rolls
In agony among the ebbing shoals,
Lashing the waves to foam, until the flood,
From wounds, like geysers, seems a bath of blood,
Echo all night dumb-pealing to his roar,
Till morn beholds him slain along the shore.
Of these, — hereafter should the lyre be strung
To arctic themes, — may glorious days be sung;

Now be our task the sad reverse to tell,
How in their march the nobler Normans fell; (*g*)
— Whether by dire disease, that turn'd the breath
Of bounteous heaven to pestilence and death,
In number, strength, and spirit worn away,
Their lives became the cool assassin's prey;
— Or in the battle-field, as Skraellings boast,
These pigmies put to flight their giant-host,
When front to front on scowling cliffs they stood,
And shot their barbs athwart the parting flood;

(*g*) The incidents alluded to in this clause are presumed to have occasioned the extinction of the Norwegian colonists on the western coast of Greenland. *Crantz* says, that there is a district on Ball's river, called *Pissiksarbik*, or the *place of arrows;* where it is believed, that the Skraellings and Norwegians fought a battle, in which the latter were defeated. The modern Greenlanders affirm, that the name is derived from the circumstance of the parties having shot their arrows at one another from opposite banks of the stream. Many *rudera*, or ruins of ancient buildings, principally supposed to have been churches, are found along the coast from Disko Bay to Cape Farewell.

Arrow smote arrow, dart encounter'd dart,
From hand to hand, impaling heart for heart;
Till spent their missiles: quick as in a dream
The images are changed; across the stream,
The Skraellings rush'd, the precipices scaled;
— O'erwhelm'd by multitudes the Normans fail'd:
A scatter'd remnant to the south retired,
But one by one along their route expired:
They perish'd; — History can no more relate
Of their obscure and unlamented fate:
They perish'd; — yet along that western shore,
Where Commerce spread her colonies of yore,
Ruins of temples and of homes are traced,
— Steps of magnificence amidst the waste,
Where Time hath trod, and left those wrecks to show,
That Life hath been, where all is Death below.

GREENLAND.

CANTO V.

The depopulation of the Norwegian Colonies on the eastern coast of Greenland, and the abandonment of intercourse with it from Europe, in consequence of the increase of the arctic ices, about the beginning of the fifteenth century.

LAUNCH on the gulph, my little Greenland bark!
Bear me through scenes unutterably dark;
Scenes with the mystery of Nature seal'd,
Nor till the day of doom to be reveal'd.
What though the spirits of the arctic gales
Freeze round thy prow, or fight against thy sails,
Safe as Arion, whom the dolphin bore,
Enamour'd of his music, to the shore,

On thee adventuring o'er an unknown main,
I raise to warring elements a strain
Of kindred harmony:—O lend your breath,
Ye tempests! while I sing this reign of death:
Utter dark sayings of the days of old;
In parables upon my harp unfold
Deeds perish'd from remembrance; truth, array'd,
Like heaven by night, in emblematic shade,
When shines the horoscope, and star on star,
By what they are not lead to what they are;
Atoms, that twinkle in an infant's eye,
Are worlds, suns, systems in the' unbounded sky;
Thus the few fabled woes my strains create
Are hieroglyphics in a book of Fate,
And while the shadowy symbols I unroll
Imagination reads a direr scroll.
Wake, ye wild visions! o'er the northern deep,
On clouds and winds, like warrior-spectres sweep;
Show by what plagues and hurricanes destroy'd,
A breathing realm became a torpid void.

The floods are raging, and the gales blow high,
Low as a dungeon-roof impends the sky;
Prisoners of hope, between the clouds and waves,
Six fearless sailors man yon boat that braves
Peril redoubling upon peril past:
— From childhood nurslings of the wayward blast,
Aloft as o'er a buoyant arch they go,
Whose key-stone breaks; — as deep they plunge below;
Unyielding, though the strength of man be vain;
Struggling, though borne like surf along the main;
In front, a battlement of rocks; in rear,
Billow on billow bounding: near, more near,
They verge to ruin; — life and death depend
On the next impulse; — shrieks and prayers ascend;
When, like the fish that mounts on drizzling wings,
Sheer from the gulph the' ejected vessel springs,
And grounds on inland ice, beyond the track
Of hissing foam-wreaths, whence the tide roll'd back;

Then ere that tide, returning to the charge,
Swallows the wreck, the captives are at large.
On either hand steep hills obstruct their path;
Behind, the ocean roaring in his wrath,
Mad as a Lybian wilderness by night,
With all its lions up, in chace or fight.
The fugitives right onward shun the beach,
Nor tarry till the inmost cove they reach,
Recluded in the labyrinthine dell,
Like the last hollow of a spiral shell.
There, with the axe or knife which haste could save,
They build a house; — perhaps they dig a grave:
Of solid snow, well-squared, and piled in blocks,
Brilliant as hewn from alabaster rocks,
Their palace rises, narrowing to the roof,
And freezes into marble, tempest-proof;
Night closing round, within its shade they creep,
And weary Nature sinks at once to sleep.

Oh! could we walk amidst their dreams, and see
All that they have been, are, or wish to be,

In fancy's world! — each at his own fire-side;
One greets a parent: one a new-made bride;
Another clasps his babe with fond embrace,
A smile in slumber mantling o'er his face;
All dangers are forgotten in a kiss,
Or but remember'd to exalt the bliss.
— One wounded sufferer wakes, with pain opprest,
Yet are his thoughts at home among the rest;
Then beams his eye, his heart dilated burns,
Till the dark vigil to a vision turns,
That vision to reality; and home
Is so endear'd, he vows no more to roam.
Ha! suddenly he starts: with trembling lips,
Salt shower-drops, oozing through the roof, he sips;
Aware that instant, yet alarm'd too late,
— The sea hath burst its barrier, fix'd their fate;
Escape impossible: the tempests urge
Through the deep dell the inundating surge;
Nor wall nor roof the' impetuous flood controls,
Above, around, within, the deluge rolls:

He calls his comrades; — ere their doom be known,
'Tis past; — the snow-house utterly o'erthrown,
Its inmates vanish; never to be found,
Living or dead, on habitable ground.
There is a beauteous hamlet in the vale;
Green are the fields around it; sweetly sail
The twilight shadows o'er the darkening scene,
Earth, air, and ocean, all alike serene.
Dipt in the hues of sunset, wreath'd in zones,
The clouds are resting on their mountain-thrones;
One peak alone exalts its glacier crest,
A golden paradise, above the rest;
Thither the day with lingering steps retires,
And in its own blue element expires:
Thus Aaron laid his gorgeous robes aside
On Horeb's consecrated top, and died.
The moon, meanwhile, o'er ocean's sombre bed,
New-risen, a thousand glow-worm lights hath spread;
From east to west the wildfire splendours glance,
And all the billows in her glory dance;

Till, in mid-heaven, her orb might seem the eye
Of Providence, wide-watching from the sky,
While Nature slumbers ; — emblem of *His* grace,
Whose presence fills the infinite of space.
The clouds have left the mountains ; coldly bright,
Their icy summits shed cerulean light ;
The steep declivities between assume
A horror of unfathomable gloom :
The village sleeps ; — from house to house, the ear
Of yonder sentinel no sound can hear :
A maniac ; — he, while calmer heads repose,
Takes his night round, to tell the stars his woes :
Woes, which his noble heart to frenzy stung ;
— *He* hath no bard, and *they* remain unsung.
A warrior once, victorious arms he bore,
And bears them still, although his wars are o'er ;
For 'tis his boast, with shield and sword in hand,
To be the guardian Angel of the land.
Mark with what stern solemnity he stalks,
And to himself as to a legion talks :

Now deep in council with his chiefs; anon
He starts, as at the trumpet; leads them on,
And wins the day;—his battle-shout alarms
None but the infant in the nurse's arms;
Soon hush'd, but closer to her side, it sleeps;
While he abroad his watch in silence keeps.
At every door he halts, and brings a sigh,
But leaves a blessing, when he marches by:
He stops: from that low roof, a deadly groan
Hath made unutterable anguish known;
A spirit into eternity hath pass'd;
A spouse, a father, there hath breathed his last.
The widow and her little ones weep *not;*
In its excess their misery is forgot,
One dumb, dark moment;— then from all their eyes
Rain the salt tears, and loud their wailings rise:
Ah! little think that family forlorn
How brief the parting;— they shall meet ere morn!
For lo! the witness of their pangs hath caught
A sight that startles madness into thought:

Back from their gate unconsciously he reels;
A resurrection of his soul he feels.
There is a motion in the air: his eye
Blinks as it fear'd the falling of the sky.
The splendid peak of adamantine ice,
At sunset like an earthly paradise,
And in the moon of such empyrean hue,
It seem'd to bring the unseen world to view;
— That splendid peak, the Power (which to the spheres
Had piled its turrets through a thousand years,)
Touches, as lightly as the passing wind,
And the huge mass, o'erbalanced, undermined,
And dislocated from its base of snow,
Slides down the slope, majestically slow,
Till o'er the precipice, down headlong sent,
And in ten thousand thousand spangles rent,
It piles a hill where spread a vale before:
— From rock to rock the echoes round the shore,

Tell with their deep artillery the fate
Of the whole village crush'd beneath its weight.
—The sleepers wake,—their homes in ruins hurl'd,—
They wake —from death into another world.
The gazing maniac, palsied into stone,
Amidst the wreck of ice, survives alone;
A sudden interval of reason gleams,
Steady and clear, amidst his wildering dreams,
But shows reality in such a shape,
'Twere rapture back to frenzy to escape.
Again the clouds of desolation roll,
Blotting all old remembrance from his soul:
Whate'er his sorrows or his joys have been,
His spirit grows embodied through *this* scene;
With eyes of agony, and clenching hands,
Fix'd in recoil, a frozen form he stands,
And smit with wonder at his people's doom,
Becomes the monument upon their tomb.
Behold a scene, magnificent and new;
Nor land nor water meet the' excursive view;

The round horizon girds one frozen plain,
The mighty tombstone of the buried main,
Where dark, and silent, and unfelt to flow,
A dead sea sleeps with all its tribes below.
But heaven is still itself; the deep blue sky
Comes down with smiles to meet the glancing eye,
Though if a keener sight its bound would trace,
The arch recedes through everlasting space.
The sun, in morning glory, mounts his throne,
Nor shines he here in solitude unknown;
North, south, and west, by dogs or reindeer drawn,
Careering sledges cross the' unbroken lawn,
And bring from bays and forelands round the coast,
Youth, beauty, valour, Greenland's proudest boast,
Who thus, in winter's long and social reign,
Hold feasts and tournaments upon the main,
When, built of solid floods, his bridge extends
A highway o'er the gulf to meeting friends,
Whom rocks impassable, or winds and tide,
Fickle and false, in summer months divide.

The scene runs round with motion, rings with mirth,
—No happier spot upon the peopled earth;
The drifted snow to dust the travellers beat,
The' uneven ice is flint beneath their feet.
Here tents, a gay encampment, rise around,
Where music, song, and revelry resound;
There the blue smoke upwreathes a hundred spires,
Where humbler groups have lit their pine-wood fires.
Ere long they quit the tables; knights and dames
Lead the blithe multitude to boisterous games.
Bears, wolves, and lynxes, yonder head the chace;
Here start the harness'd reindeer in the race;
Borne without wheels, a flight of rival cars
Track the ice-firmament, like shooting stars,
Right to the goal, converging as they run,
They dwindle through the distance into one.
Where smoother waves have form'd a sea of glass,
With pantomimic change the skaiters pass;

Now toil like ships 'gainst wind and stream; then wheel
Like flames blown suddenly asunder; reel
Like drunkards; then dispersed in tangents wide,
Away with speed invisible they glide.
Peace in their hearts, death-weapons in their hands,
Fierce in mock-battle meet fraternal bands,
Whom the same chiefs erewhile to conflict led,
When friends by friends, by kindred kindred bled.
Here youthful rings with pipe and drum advance,
And foot the mazes of the giddy dance;
Grey-beard spectators, with illumined eye,
Lean on their staves, and talk of days gone by;
Children, who mimic all, from pipe and drum
To chace and battle, dream of years to come.
Those years to come the young shall ne'er behold;
The days gone by no more rejoice the old.
There is a boy, a solitary boy,
Who takes no part in all this whirl of joy,

Yet, in the speechless transport of his soul,
He lives, and moves, and breathes throughout the whole:
Him should destruction spare, the plot of earth,
That forms his play-ground, gave a poet birth,
Who on the wings of his immortal lays,
Thine heroes, Greenland! to the stars shall raise.
It must not be:—abruptly from the show
He turns his eyes; his thoughts are gone below
To sound the depths of ocean, where his mind
Creates the wonders which it cannot find.
Listening, as oft he listens in a shell
To the mock tide's alternate fall and swell,
He kneels upon the ice,—inclines his ear,
And hears,—or does he only seem to hear?—
A sound, as though the Genius of the deep
Heaved a long sigh, awaking out of sleep.
He starts;—'twas but a pulse within his brain!
No;—for he feels it beat through every vein;

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Groan following groan, (as from a giant's breast,
Beneath a burying mountain, ill at rest,)
With awe ineffable his spirit thrills,
And rapture fires his blood, while terror chills.
The keen expression of his eye alarms
His mother; she hath caught him in her arms,
And learn'd the cause; — that cause, no sooner known,
From lip to lip, o'er many a league is flown;
Voices to voices, prompt as signals, rise
In shrieks of consternation to the skies:
Those skies, meanwhile, with gathering darkness scowl;
Hollow and winterly the bleak winds howl.
— From morn till noon had ether smiled serene,
Save one black-belted cloud, far eastward seen,
Like a snow-mountain; — there in ambush lay
The' undreaded tempest, panting for his prey:
That cloud by stealth hath through the welkin spread,
And hangs in meteor-twilight over-head;

At foot, beneath the adamantine floor,
Loose in their prison-house the surges roar:
To every eye, ear, heart, the' alarm is given,
And landward crowds, (like flocks of sea-fowl driven,
When storms are on the wing,) in wild affright,
On foot, in sledges, urge their panic flight,
In hope the refuge of the shore to gain
Ere the disruption of the struggling main,
Foretold by many a stroke, like lightning sent
In thunder, through the' unstable continent,
Which now, elastic on the swell below,
Rolls high in undulation to and fro.
Men, reindeer, dogs, the giddy impulse feel,
And jostling headlong, back and forward reel:
While snow, sleet, hail, or whirling gusts of wind,
Exhaust, bewilder, stop the breath, and blind.
All is dismay and uproar; some have found
Death for deliverance, as they leap'd on ground,
Swept back into the flood: — but hope is vain
Ere half the fugitives the beach can gain;

The fix'd ice, severing from the shore, with shocks
Of earthquake violence, bounds against the rocks,
Then suddenly, while on the verge they stand,
The whole recoils for ever from the land,
And leaves a gulf of foam along the shore,
In which whoever plunge are seen no more.

Ocean, meanwhile, abroad hath burst the roof
That sepulchred his waves; he bounds aloof.
In boiling cataracts, as volcanoes spout
Their fiery fountains, gush the waters out;
The frame of ice with dire explosion rends,
And down the' abyss the mingled crowd descends.
Heaven! from this closing horror hide thy light;
Cast thy thick mantle o'er it, gracious Night!
These screams of mothers with their infants lost,
These groans of agony from wretches tost
On rocks and whirlpools,—in thy storms be drown'd,
The crash of mountain-ice to atoms ground,
And rage of elements!—while winds, that yell
Like demons, peal the universal knell,

The shrouding waves around their limbs shall spread,
" And Darkness be the burier of the dead."
Their pangs are o'er:—at morn the tempests cease,
And the freed ocean rolls himself to peace;
Broad to the sun his heaving breast expands,
He holds his mirror to a hundred lands;
While cheering gales pursue the eager chase
Of billows round immeasurable space. (a)
Where are the multitudes of yesterday?
At morn they came; at eve they pass'd away.
Yet some survive; — yon castellated pile
Floats on the surges, like a fairy isle;
Pre-eminent upon its peak, behold,
With walls of amethyst and roofs of gold,

(a) The principal phenomena described in this disruption of so immense a breadth of ice, are introduced on the authority of an authentic narrative of a journey on sledges along the coast of Labrador, by two Moravian missionaries and a number of Esquimaux, in the year 1782. The first incident in this Canto, the destruction of the snow-house, is partly borrowed from the same record.

The semblance of a city; towers and spires
Glance in the firmament with opal fires;
Prone from those heights pellucid fountains flow
O'er pearly meads, through emerald vales below.
No lovelier pageant moves beneath the sky, (*b*)
Nor one so mournful to the nearer eye;
Here, when the bitterness of death had pass'd
O'er others, with their sledge and reindeer cast,
Five wretched ones, in dumb despondence wait
The lingering issue of a nameless fate;

(*b*) The *Ice-bergs*, both fixed and floating, present the most fantastic and magnificent forms, which an active imagination may easily convert into landscape-scenery. *Crantz* says, that some of these look like churches, with pillars, arches, portals, and illuminated windows; others like castles, with square and spiral turrets. A third class assumes the appearance of ships in full sail, to which pilots have occasionally gone out, for the purpose of conducting them into harbour; many again resemble large islands, with hill and dale, as well as villages, and even cities, built upon the margin of the sea. Two of these stood for many years in Disco Bay, which the Dutch whalers called Amsterdam and Haarlem.

A bridal party: — mark yon reverend sage
In the brown vigour of autumnal age;
His daughter in her prime; the youth, who won
Her love by miracles of prowess done;
With these, two meet companions of their joy,
Her younger sister, and a gallant boy,
Who hoped, like *him*, a gentle heart to gain
By valorous enterprise on land or main.
— These, when the ocean-pavement fail'd their feet,
Sought on a glacier's crags a safe retreat;
But in the shock, from its foundation torn,
That mass is slowly o'er the waters borne,
An ice-berg! — on whose verge all day they stand,
And eye the blank horizon's ring for land.
All night around a dismal flame they weep;
Their sledge, by piecemeal, lights the hoary deep.
Morn brings no comfort; at her dawn expire
The latest embers of their latest fire;
For warmth and food the patient reindeer bleeds,
Happier in death than those he warms and feeds.

— How long, by that precarious raft upbuoy'd,
They blindly drifted on a shoreless void;
How long they suffered, or how soon they found
Rest in the gulf, or peace on living ground;
— Whether, by hunger, cold, and grief consumed,
They perish'd miserably — and uncntomb'd,
(While on that frigid bier their corses lay,)
Became the sea-fowl's or the sea-bear's prey;
— Whether the wasting mound, by swift degrees,
Exhaled in mist and vanish'd from the seas,
While they, too weak to struggle even in death,
Lock'd in each other's arms resigned their breath,
And their white skeletons, beneath the wave,
Lie intertwined in one sepulchral cave;
— Or meeting some Norwegian bark at sea,
They deem'd its deck a world of liberty;
— Or sunward sailing, on green Erin's sod,
They kneel'd and worshipp'd a delivering God,

Where yet the blood they brought from Greenland runs
Among the noblest of our sisters' sons
— Is all unknown: — their ice-berg disappears
Amidst the flood of unreturning years.
Ages are fled; and Greenland's hour draws nigh;
Seal'd is the judgment; all her race must die;
Commerce forsakes the' unvoyageable seas,
That year by year with keener rigour freeze;
The' embargoed waves in narrower channels roll
To blue Spitzbergen and the utmost pole;
A hundred colonies, erewhile that lay
On the green marge of many a shelter'd bay,
Lapse to the wilderness; their tenants throng
Where streams in summer, turbulent and strong,
With molten ice from inland Alps supplied,
Hold free communion with the breathing tide,
That from the heart of ocean sends the flood
Of living water round the world, like blood;

But Greenland's pulse shall slow and slower beat,
Till the last spark of genial warmth retreat,
And, like a palsied limb of Nature's frame,
Greenland be nothing but a place and name.
That crisis comes; the wafted fuel fails;(c)
The cattle perish; famine long prevails;
With torpid sloth, intenser seasons bind
The strength of muscle and the spring of mind;
Man droops, his spirits waste, his powers decay,
—His generation soon shall pass away.

(c) Greenland has been supplied with fuel, from time immemorial, brought by the tide from the northern shores of Asia, and other regions, probably even from California, and the coast of America towards Behring's Straits. This annual provision, however, has gradually been decreasing for some years past (being partly intercepted by the accumulation of ice) on the shores of *modern* Greenland towards Davis's Straits. Should it fail altogether, that country (like the east) must become uninhabitable; as the natives themselves employ wood in the construction of their houses, their boats, and their implements of fishing, hunting, and shooting, and could not find any adequate substitute for it at home.

At moonless midnight, on this naked coast,
How beautiful in heaven the starry host!
With lambent brilliance o'er these cloister-walls,
Slant from the firmament a meteor falls;
A steadier flame from yonder beacon streams,
To light the vessel, seen in golden dreams
By many a pining wretch, whose slumbers feign
The bliss for which he looks at morn in vain.
Two years are gone, and half expired a third,
(The nation's heart is sick with hope deferr'd,)
Since last for Europe sail'd a Greenland prow,
Her whole marine, — so shorn is Greenland now,
Though once, like clouds in ether unconfined,
Her naval wings were spread to every wind.
The monk, who sits the weary hours to count,
In the lone block-house, on the beacon-mount,
Watching the east, beholds the morning star
Eclipsed at rising o'er the waves afar,
As if, for so would fond expectance think,
A sail had cross'd it on the horizon's brink.

His fervent soul, in ecstasy outdrawn,
Glows with the shadows kindling through the dawn,
Till every bird that flashes through the brine
Appears an arm'd and gallant brigantine;
And every sound along the air that comes,
The voice of clarions and the roll of drums.
—'Tis she! 'tis she! the well-known keel at last,
With Greenland's banner streaming at the mast;
The full-swoln sails, the spring-tide, and the breeze,
Waft on her way the pilgrim of the seas.
The monks at matins issuing from their cells,
Spread the glad tidings; while their convent-bells
Wake town and country, sea and shore, to bliss
Unknown for years on any morn but this.
Men, women, children throng the joyous strand,
Whose mob of moving shadows o'er the sand
Lengthen to giants, while the hovering sun
Lights up a thousand radiant points from one.
The pilots launch their boats: — a race! a race!
The strife of oars is seen in every face;

Arm against arm puts forth its might to reach,
And guide the welcome stranger to the beach.
—Shouts from the shore, the cliffs, the boats, arise;
No voice, no signal from the ship replies;
Nor on the deck, the yards, the bow, the stern,
Can keenest eye a human form discern.
Oh! that those eyes were open'd, there to see,
How, in serene and dreadful majesty,
Sits the destroying Angel at the helm!
—He, who hath lately march'd from realm to realm,
And from the palace to the peasant's shed,
Made all the living kindred to the dead;
Nor man alone, dumb nature felt his wrath,
Drought, mildew, murrain, strew'd his carnage-path;
Harvest and vintage cast their timeless fruit,
Forests before him wither'd from the root.
To Greenland now, with unexhausted power,
He comes commission'd; and in evil hour
Propitious elements prepare his way;
His day of landing is a festal day.

A boat arrives;—to those who scale the deck,
Of life appears but one disastrous wreck;
Fall'n from the rudder, which he fain had grasp'd,
But stronger Death his wrestling hold unclasp'd,
The film of darkness freezing o'er his eyes,
A lukewarm corpse, the brave commander lies;
Survivor sole of all his buried crew,
Whom one by one the rife contagion slew,
Just when the cliffs of Greenland cheer'd his sight,
Even from their pinnacle his soul took flight.
Chill'd at the spectacle, the pilots gaze
One on another, lost in blank amaze;
But from approaching boats, when rivals throng,
They seize the helm, in silence steer along,
And cast their anchor, 'midst exulting cries,
That make the rocks the echoes of the skies,
Till the mysterious signs of woes to come,
Circled by whispers, strike the uproar dumb.
Rumour affirms, that by some heinous spell
Of Lapland witches, crew and captain fell;

None guess the secret of perfidious fate,
Which all shall know too soon,—yet know too late.
The monks, who claim the ship, divide the stores
Of food and raiment at their convent-doors.
—A mother, hastening to her cheerless shed,
Breaks to her little ones untasted bread;
Clamorous as nestling birds, the hungry band
Receive a mortal portion at her hand:
On each would equal love the best confer,
Each by distinct affection dear to her;
One the first pledge that to her spouse she gave,
And one unborn till he was in his grave;
This was *his* darling, that to *her* most kind;
A fifth was once a twin, the sixth is blind:
In each she lives;—in each by turns she dies;
Smitten by pestilence before her eyes,
Three days and all are slain;—the heaviest doom
Is hers; their ice-barr'd cottage is their tomb.
—The wretch, whose limbs are impotent with cold,
In the warm comfort of a mantle roll'd,

Lies down to slumber on his soul's desire;
But wakes at morn, as wrapt in flames of fire;
Not Hercules, when from his breast he tore
The cloke envenom'd with the Centaur's gore,
Felt sharper pangs than he, who, mad with rage,
Dives in the gulf, or rolls in snow to' assuage
His quenchless agony; the rankling dart
Within him burns till it consumes his heart.
From vale to vale the' affrighted victims fly,
But catch or give the plague with every sigh;
A touch contaminates the purest veins,
Till the *Black Death* through all the region reigns. (*d*)
Comes there no ship again to Greenland's shore?
There comes another:—there shall come no more;
Nor this shall reach an haven:—What are these
Stupendous monuments upon the seas?

(*d*) The depopulation of Old Greenland is supposed to have been greatly accelerated by the introduction of the plague, which under the name of the *Black Death* made dreadful havoc throughout Europe towards the close of the fourteenth century.

Works of Omnipotence, in wondrous forms,
Immovable as mountains in the storms?
Far as Imagination's eye can roll,
One range of Alpine glaciers to the pole
Flanks the whole eastern coast; and branching wide,
Arches o'er many a league the' indignant tide,
That works and frets, with unavailing flow,
To mine a passage to the beach below;
Thence from its neck that winter-yoke to rend,
And down the gulf the crashing fragments send.
There lies a vessel in this realm of frost,
Not wrecked, nor stranded, yet for ever lost;
Its keel embedded in the solid mass;
Its glistening sails appear expanded glass;
The transverse ropes with pearls enormous strung,
The yards with icicles grotesquely hung,
Wrapt in the topmast shrouds there rests a boy,
His old sea-faring father's only joy;
Sprung from a race of rovers, ocean-born,
Nursed at the helm, he trod dry land with scorn;

Through fourscore years from port to port he veer'd,
Quicksand, nor rock, nor foe, nor tempest fear'd;
Now cast ashore, though like a hulk he lie,
His son at sea is ever in his eye,
And his prophetic thought, from age to age,
Estems the waves his offspring's heritage:
He ne'er shall know, in his Norwegian cot,
How brief that son's career, how strange his lot;
Writhed round the mast, and sepulchred in air,
Him shall no worm devour, no vulture tear;
Congeal'd to adamant his frame shall last,
Though empires change, till time and tide be past.
On deck, in groups embracing as they died,
Singly, erect, or slumbering side by side,
Behold the crew! — They sail'd, with hope elate,
For eastern Greenland; till, ensnared by fate,
In toils that mocked their utmost strength and skill,
They felt, as by a charm, their ship stand still;
The madness of the wildest gale that blows,
Were mercy to that shudder of repose,

When withering horror struck from heart to heart
The blunt rebound of Death's benumbing dart,
And each, a petrifaction at his post,
Looked on yon father, and gave up the ghost; (e)
He meekly kneeling, with his hands upraised,
His beard of driven snow, eyes fix'd and glazed,
Alone among the dead shall yet survive,
—The' imperishable dead that seem alive;
—The' immortal dead, whose spirits, breaking free,
Bore his last words into eternity,
While with a seraph's zeal, a Christian's love,
Till his tongue fail'd, he spoke of joys above.

(e) The *Danish Chronicle* says, that the Greenland colonists were tributary to the kings of Norway from the year 1023; soon after which they embraced Christianity. In its more flourishing period this province is stated to have been divided into a hundred parishes, under the superintendence of a bishop. From 1120 to 1408 the succession of seventeen bishops is recorded. In the last-mentioned year, *Andrew*, ordained bishop of Greenland by *Askill*, archbishop of Drontheim, sailed for his diocese, but whether he arrived there, or was cast away, was never known. To his imagined fate this episode alludes.

Now motionless, amidst the icy air,
He breathes from marble lips unutter'd prayer.
The clouds condensed, with dark, unbroken hue
Of stormy purple, overhang his view,
Save in the west, to which he strains his sight,
One golden streak, that grows intensely bright,
Till thence the' emerging sun, with lightning blaze,
Pours the whole quiver of his arrowy rays;
The smitten rocks to instant diamond turn,
And round the' expiring saint such visions burn,
As if the gates of Paradise were thrown
Wide open to receive his soul; —— 'tis flown.
The glory vanishes, and over all
Cimmerian darkness spreads her funeral pall.

Morn shall return, and noon, and eve, and night
Meet here with interchanging shade and light;
But from this bark no timber shall decay,
Of these cold forms no feature pass away!
Perennial ice around the' encrusted bow,
The peopled deck, and full-rigg'd masts shall grow,

Till from the sun himself the whole be hid,
Or spied beneath a crystal pyramid;
As in pure amber, with divergent lines,
A rugged shell emboss'd with sea-weed shines.
From age to age increased with annual snow,
This new *Mont Blanc* among the clouds may glow,
Whose conic peak, that earliest greets the dawn,
And latest from the sun's shut eye withdrawn,
Shall from the zenith, through incumbent gloom,
Burn like a lamp upon this naval tomb.
But when the' archangel's trumpet sounds on high,
The pile shall burst to atoms through the sky,
And leave its dead, upstarting at the call,
Naked and pale, before the Judge of all.

Once more to Greenland's long-forsaken beach,
Which foot of man again shall never reach,
Imagination wings her flight, explores
The march of Pestilence along the shores,
And sees how Famine in his steps hath paced,
While Winter laid the soil for ever waste.

Dwellings are heaps of fall'n or falling stones,
The charnel-houses of unburied bones,
On which obscene and prowling monsters fed,
But with the ravin in their jaws fell dead.
Thus while Destruction, blasting youth and age,
Raged till it wanted victims for its rage;
Love, the last feeling that from life retires,
Blew the faint sparks of his unfuell'd fires.
In the cold sunshine of yon narrow dell
Affection lingers; — *there* two lovers dwell,
Greenland's whole family; nor long forlorn,
There comes a visitant; a babe is born.
O'er his meek helplessness the parents smiled;
'Twas Hope; — for Hope is every mother's child:
Then seem'd they, in that world of solitude,
The Eve and Adam of a race renew'd.
Brief happiness! too perilous to last;
The moon hath wax'd and waned, and all is past:
Behold the end: — one morn, athwart the wall,
They mark'd the shadow of a rein-deer fall,

Bounding in tameless freedom o'er the snow;
The father track'd him, and with fatal bow
Smote down the victim; but before his eyes,
A rabid she-bear pounced upon the prize;
A shaft into the spoiler's flank he sent,
She turn'd in wrath, and limb from limb had rent
The hunter; but his dagger's plunging steel,
With riven bosom, made the monster reel;
Unvanquish'd, both to closer combat flew,
Assailants each, till each the other slew;
Mingling their blood from mutual wounds, they lay
Stretch'd on the carcase of their antler'd prey.

Meanwhile his partner waits, her heart at rest,
No burthen but her infant on her breast:
With him she slumbers, or with him she plays,
And tells him all her dreams of future days,
Asks him a thousand questions, feigns replies,
And reads whate'er she wishes in his eyes.
—Red evening comes; no husband's shadow falls,
Where fell the rein-deer's o'er the latticed walls:

'Tis night; no footstep sounds towards her door;
The day returns,—but he returns no more.
In frenzy forth she sallies; and with cries,
To which no voice except her own replies
In frightful echoes, starting all around,
Where human voice again shall never sound,
She seeks him, finds him not; some angel-guide
In mercy turns her from the corpse aside;
Perhaps his own freed spirit, lingering near,
Who waits to waft her to a happier sphere,
But leads her first, at evening, to their cot,
Where lies the little one, all day forgot;
Imparadised in sleep she finds him there,
Kisses his cheek, and breathes a mother's prayer.
Three days she languishes, nor can she shed
One tear, between the living and the dead;
When her lost spouse comes o'er the widow's thought,
The pangs of memory are to madness wrought;
But when her suckling's eager lips are felt,
Her heart would fain—but oh! it cannot—melt;

At length it breaks, while on her lap he lies,
With baby wonder gazing in her eyes.
Poor orphan! mine is not a hand to trace
Thy little story, last of all thy race!
Not long thy sufferings; cold and colder grown,
The arms that clasp thee chill thy limbs to stone.
—'Tis done:—from Greenland's coast, the latest sigh
Bore infant innocence beyond the sky.

APPENDIX TO GREENLAND.

CANTO I.

(A), p. 7.

THE story of the introduction of Christianity among the Sclavonic tribes is interesting. The Bulgarians, being borderers on the Greek empire, frequently made predatory incursions on the Imperial territory. On one occasion the sister of *Bogaris*, King of the Bulgarians, was taken prisoner, and carried to Constantinople. Being a royal captive, she was treated with great honour, and diligently instructed in the doctrines of the gospel, of the truth of which she became so deeply convinced, that she desired to be baptized; and when, in 845, the Emperor Michael III. made peace with the Bulgarians, she returned to her country a pious and zealous Christian. Being earnestly concerned for the conversion of her brother and his people, she wrote to Constantinople for teachers to instruct them in the way of righteousness. Two distinguished

bishops of the Greek Church, *Cyrillus* and *Methodius*, were accordingly sent into Bulgaria. The King *Bogaris*, who heretofore had resisted conviction, conceived a particular affection for *Methodius*, who, being a skilful painter, was desired by him, in the spirit of a barbarian, to compose a picture exhibiting the most horrible devices. *Methodius* took a happy advantage of this strange request, and painted the day of judgment in a style so terrific, and explained its scenes to his royal master in language so awful and affecting, that *Bogaris* was awakened, made a profession of the true faith, and was baptized by the name of *Michael*, in honour of his benefactor, the Greek Emperor. His subjects, according to the fashion of the times, some by choice, and others from constraint, adopted their master's religion. To *Cyrillus* is attributed the translation of the Scriptures still in use among the descendants of the Sclavonian tribes, which adhere to the Greek Church; and this is probably the most ancient European version of the Bible in a living tongue.

But notwithstanding this triumphant introduction of Christianity among these fierce nations (including the Bohemians and Moravians), multitudes adhered to idolatry, and among the nobles especially many continued Pagans, and in open or secret enmity against the new religion and its professors. In Bohemia, Duke *Borziwog*, having

embraced the gospel, was expelled by his chieftains, and one *Stoymirus*, who had been thirteen years in exile, and who was believed to be a heathen, was chosen by them as their prince. He being, however, soon detected in Christian worship, was deposed, and *Borziwog* recalled. The latter died soon after his restoration, leaving his widow, *Ludomilla*, regent during the minority of her son *Wratislaus*, who married a noble lady, named *Drahomira*. The young duchess, to ingratiate herself with her husband and her mother-in-law, affected to embrace Christianity, while in her heart she remained an implacable enemy to it. Her husband dying early, left her with two infant boys. *Wenceslaus*, the elder, was taken by his grandmother, the pious *Ludomilla*, and carefully educated in Christian principles; the younger, *Boleslas*, was not less carefully educated in hostility against them by *Drahomira;* who, seizing the government during the minority of her children, shut up the churches, forbade the clergy either to preach or teach in schools, and imprisoned, banished, or put to death those who disobeyed her edicts against the gospel. But when her eldest son, *Wenceslaus*, became of age, he was persuaded by his grandmother and the principal Christian nobles to take possession of the government, which was his inheritance. He did so, and began his reign by removing his pagan mother and brother to a distance from the metropolis. *Drahomira*, transported with rage, resolved to

rid herself of her mother-in-law, whose influence over *Wenceslaus* was predominant. She found two heathen assassins ready for her purpose, who, stealing unperceived into *Ludomilla*'s oratory, fell upon her as she entered it for evening prayers, threw a rope round her neck, and strangled her. The remorseless *Drahomira* next plotted against *Wenceslaus*, to deprive him of the government; but her intrigues miscarrying, she proposed to her heathen son to murder him. An opportunity soon offered. On the birth of a son, *Boleslas* invited his Christian brother to visit him, and be present at a pretended ceremony of blessing the infant. *Wenceslaus* attended, and was treated with unwonted kindness; but suspecting treachery, he could not sleep in his brother's house. He therefore went to spend the night in the church. Here, as he lay defenceless in an imagined sanctuary, *Boleslas*, instigated by their unnatural mother, surprised and slew him with his sabre. The murderer immediately usurped the sovereignty, and commenced a cruel persecution against the Christians, which was terminated by the interference of the Roman Emperor *Otto* I., who made war upon *Boleslas*, reduced him to the condition of a vassal, and gave peace to his persecuted subjects. This happened in the year 943.

(B), page 10.

The genuine followers of *John Huss* never approved of the war for religion carried on by *Ziska*, though many of them were incidentally involved in it. *Rokyzan*, a Calixtine, having with his party made a compromise with their sovereign and the priests, by which they were allowed the use of the cup in the sacrament, was made archbishop of Prague in the year 1435; and thenceforward, though he had been fully convinced of the truth of the doctrines promulgated by *Huss*, he became a treacherous friend or an open enemy of his followers, as it happened to serve the purposes of his ambition. The Pope, however, refused to confirm him in his new dignity, unless he would relinquish the cup; on which, for a time, he made great pretensions of undertaking a thorough reform in the church. All who hoped any thing good of him were disappointed, and none more than his pious nephew *Gregorius*, who in vain, on behalf of the peace-loving Hussites, besought him to proceed in the work of church-regeneration. He refused peremptorily, at length, after having greatly dissimulated and temporised. His refusal was the immediate cause of the commencement of the Church of the United Brethren, in that form in which it has been recognised for nearly 400 years. They were no sooner known, however, as "*Fratres legis Christi*," *Brethren ac-*

cording to the rule of Christ, than they were persecuted as heretics. Among others, *Gregorius*, who is styled the "*Patriarch of the Brethren*," was apprehended at a private meeting with a number of his people. The judge who executed the royal authority, on entering the room, used these remarkable words: "*It is written, all that will "live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution; there- "fore, follow me, by command of the higher powers.*" They followed, and were sentenced to the torture. On the rack, *Gregorius* fell into a swoon, and all present supposed him to be dead. Hereupon his apostate uncle *Rokyzan* hastened to the spot, and falling upon his neck, with tears and loud lamentations bewailed him, exclaiming—"*O, "my dear Gregorius! would God I were where thou art!*" His nephew, however, revived, and was set at liberty. He afterwards, according to tradition, declared that in his trance he had seen a vision;—a tree, covered with leaves and blossoms and fruits, on which many beautiful birds were feeding and melodiously singing. Under it, was a shepherd's boy, and near at hand, three venerable old men, (as guardians of the tree,) whose habiliments and countenances were those of the three persons who, several years afterwards, were consecrated the first bishops of the Church of the United Brethren, by *Stephen*, the last bishop of the Waldenses.

(C), page 12.

Comenius afterwards visited and resided in various parts of Germany, Holland, and England; every where, on his travels, recommending, with earnestness and importunity, the case of his oppressed brethren in Bohemia and Moravia to men in power. But his appeals were in vain; and when, at the peace of Westphalia, in 1648, he found that nothing was provided for their protection in the free exercise of their religion, he published an affecting representation of the peculiar hardships of their church, in which he observed:—"We justly, indeed, deserve to "bear the wrath of Almighty God; but will such men "(alluding to the Protestant diplomatists and their con- "stituent authorities) be able to justify their actions be- "fore God, who, forgetting the common cause of all "Protestants, and the old covenants amongst us, neglect "to assist those who are oppressed in the same engage- "ments? Having made peace for themselves, they never "gave it a thought, that the Bohemians and Moravians, "who *at the first, and for so many centuries*, asserted the "truth in opposition to Popery, were likewise worthy to "be mutually considered by them; that the light of the "gospel, which first was enkindled and put upon the "candlestick in the Brethren's church, might not now be "extinguished, as it appears to be. This afflicted people,

" therefore, which on account of its faithful adherence to " the apostolic doctrines, following the footsteps of the " primitive church, and the instructions of the holy fathers, " has been so much hated, persecuted, tossed to and fro, " and even forsaken by those of its own household, and " now finds mercy from no man; — this afflicted people " has nothing left, but to cast itself upon the aid of the " eternally merciful Lord God, and with the ancient " prophet, when his nation was overthrown by its ene- " mies, to exclaim — 'For these things I weep; mine eye, " 'mine eye runneth down with water, because the Com- " 'forter that should relieve my soul is far from me.' " Lam. i. 16. — But Thou, O Lord God! who abidest for " ever and ever, and whose throne is eternal, why wilt " Thou forget us, and even forsake us in this extremity? " O bring us, Lord, again to Thyself, that we may return " to our homes. Renew our days as of old." In 1649, *Comenius* published a History of the Brethren's Church, which he dedicated, as his " last will and testament," to *the Church of England*, to preserve for the successors of the brethren in future ages, as to the last hour of his life he cherished the hope of their revival and establishment in peace and freedom. — This work was translated from the original Latin, and published in London in 1661.

(D), page 13.

Previous to the Reformation, for about fifty years, the prisons in Bohemia, and especially at Prague, were filled, from time to time, in consequence of special decrees, with members of the Brethren's Church. *Michael*, one of their first bishops, was long under rigorous confinement. Many perished in deep dungeons, with cold and hunger; others were cruelly tortured. The remainder were obliged to seek refuge in thick forests, and to hide themselves by day in caverns and recesses among the rocks. Fearing to be betrayed in the day-time by the smoke, they kindled their fires only at night, around which they employed their time in reading the Scriptures, and in prayer. If they were under the necessity of going out in the snow, either to seek provisions or to visit their neighbours, they always walked behind one another, each in his turn treading in the footsteps of the first, and the last dragging a piece of brushwood after him, to obliterate the track, or to make it appear as if some poor peasant had been to the woods to fetch a bundle of sticks. With the Reformers, *Luther*, *Calvin*, *Zuinglius*, *Melancthon*, *Bucer*, and *Capito*, the Brethren held the most friendly correspondence, and by all were acknowledged to be a true apostolical church. The strictness of their church-discipline, however, and the difference which subsisted among these great men themselves on that general subject, as well as the insulated locality of

the Brethren, probably were the causes why they remained still totally distinct from any of the new Christian societies which were then instituted. *After* the Reformation, especially about the beginning and till the middle of the seventeenth century, they were exposed to the same kind of persecutions and proscriptions which their ancestors had suffered. After the death of the Emperor *Rudolph*, in 1612, the resolutions of the Council of Trent were decreed to be put in force against all Protestants in Bohemia. This occasioned a civil war, like that of the Hussites. The Brethren, though they are understood to have taken very little share in this defence of the truth, by weapons of carnal warfare, were nevertheless exposed to all the vindictive cruelty, by which the Protestants in Bohemia were nearly extirpated, after their defeat by the Imperialists, on the White Mountain, near Prague, in 1620. On the 21st June 1621, no less than *twenty-seven* of the Patrons (*Defensores*) of the Protestant cause, principally nobles and men of distinction, were beheaded, who all died as faithful witnesses and martyrs to the religion of Christ. This execution was followed by a decree of banishment against all ministers of the Brethren's churches in Bohemia and Moravia. Many hundred families, both noble and plebeian, fled into the neighbouring provinces. Emigration, however, was rendered as difficult as possible to the common people, who were strictly watched by the emis-

saries of persecution. Many thousands, notwithstanding, gradually made their escape, and joined their ministers in exile; others, who from age, infirmity, or the burthen of large families, could not do the same, remained in their country, but were compelled to worship God, after the manner of their forefathers, in secret only; for thence-forward neither churches nor schools for Protestants were allowed to exist in Bohemia and Moravia. Search was made for their Bibles and religious books, which were burnt in piles, and in some places under the gallows.

(E), page 16.

After the lapse of nearly a century, during which the refugees of the Brethren's churches, in Saxony, Poland, and Prussia, were nearly lost among the people with whom they associated, and the small remnant that continued in Moravia kept up the fire on their family-altars, while in their churches it was utterly extinct, a new persecution against this small remnant drove many of them from their homes, who, under the conduct of *Christian David*, finding an asylum on the estates of *Count Zinzendorf*, founded near Bertholsdorf the first congregation of the revived church of the United Brethren. On the 8th of June 1722, *Christian David*, with four of the first fugitives that arrived in Lusatia, were presented to *Count Zinzendorf*'s grandmother, who instantly gave them protection, and promised

to furnish them with the means of establishing themselves on one of her family-estates. *Count Zinzendorf* himself gives the following account of the circumstances under which he fixed upon the situation for these settlers. He proposed a district called the *Hutberg*, near the high road to Zittau. It was objected, by some who knew the place, that there was no water there: he answered, "*God is able to help;*" and the following morning early he repaired thither to observe the rising of the vapours, that he might determine where a well might be dug. The next morning he again visited the place alone, and satisfied himself of its eligibility for a settlement. He adds, "I laid the misery "and desire of these people before God with many tears; "beseeching Him, that his hand might be with me and frus- "trate my measures, if they were in any way displeasing to "Him. I said further to the Lord: *Upon this spot I will,* "*in thy name, build the first house for them.* In the meantime "the Moravians returned to the farm-house, (where they "had been previously lodged,) having brought their fami- "lies thither out of their native country. These I assisted "to the best of my power, and then went to *Hennersdorf* to "acquaint my lady (his grandmother aforementioned) with "the resolution I had taken. She made no objection, and "immediately sent the poor strangers a cow, that they might "be furnished with milk for their little children; and she "ordered me to show them the trees to be cut down for "their building."

CANTO III.

(F), page 45.

Crantz says:—"On the 10th of April the Brethren went "on board the king's ship *Caritas*, Captain *Hildebrand*, "accompanied with many sincere wishes for blessing from "the court (of Denmark) and all benevolent minds. The "congregation at Herrnhut had a custom, from the year "1729, before the commencement of a year, to compile a "little manual, containing a text of Holy Scripture for "every day in the same, and each illustrated or applied "by a verse annexed, out of the hymn-book. This text "was called the word of the day; it was given to be the "subject of meditation with each member of the church "in private, and of discourse by the ministers in the public "meeting. Many a time it has been found that the word "of the day, on which some peculiar event occurred, has "remarkably coincided with it. Thus on this 10th of "April, when our brethren set sail (from Copenhagen) on "a mission, which often afterwards seemed to baffle all "hope, the word was (*Heb.* xi. 1.) '*Faith is the substance* "*of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.*'

"'*We view Him, whom no eye can see,*

"'*With faith's perspective steadfastly.*'

" In this confidence they set sail, nor did they suffer them-
" selves to be confounded by any of the unspeakable diffi-
" culties of the following years, till they and we at last
" beheld the completion of what they hoped for by faith.
" They had a speedy, and, excepting some storms, a com-
" modious voyage. They sailed by Shetland April 22d,
" passing there out of the North into the West Sea, or
" long reach, and entered Davis's Straits about the begin-
" ning of May. On the 6th they fell among some floating
" ice, in a thick fog, and the next day were assailed by a
" terrible tempest, but this very tempest drove the ice so
" far asunder, that it also dissipated their fears. The 13th
" they descried land; but on the same day, after a total
" eclipse of the sun, there arose a violent storm, that
" lasted four days and nights, and drove them sixty leagues
" back. May the 20th, they entered Ball's River, after a
" voyage of six weeks. The word of the day was, ' *The*
" ' *peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your*
" ' *hearts and minds through Jesus Christ.*' By this they
" were frequently encouraged in the first years ensuing,
" amidst all the opposition which they encountered, and
" the small prospect of the conversion of the heathens."

(G), page 56.

The Greenlanders believe that the sun and moon are sister and brother. They, with other children, were once playing together in the dark, when *Aninga* behaving rudely to his sister *Malina*, she rubbed her hands in the soot about the extinguished lamp, and smeared his face, that she might discover by day-light who was her tormentor; and thus the dusky spots on the moon had their origin; for she, struggling to escape, slipped out of his arms, soared aloft, and became the sun. He followed up into the firmament, and was transformed into the moon; but as he has never been able to rise so high as she, he continues running after her, with the vain hope of overtaking her. When he is tired and hungry, in his last quarter, he sets out from his house a seal-hunting, on a sledge drawn by four great dogs, and stays several days abroad to recruit and fatten; and this produces the full moon. He rejoices when the women die, and *Malina*, in revenge, rejoices when the men die: therefore the men keep at home during an eclipse of the sun, and the women during an eclipse of the moon. When he is in eclipse, *Aninga* prowls about the dwellings of the Greenlanders, to plague the females, and steal provisions and skins, nay even to kill those persons who have not duly observed the laws of temperance. At these times they hide their most precious goods; and the men carry

kettles and chests to the tops of their houses, and rattle upon them with cudgels to frighten away the moon, and make him return to his place in the sky. During an eclipse of the sun, the men skulk in terror into the darkest corners, while the women pinch the ears of their dogs; and if these cry out, it is a sure omen that the end of the world is not yet come; for as dogs existed before men, according to Greenland logic, they must have a quicker foresight into futurity. Should the dogs be mute, (which of course they never are, under such ill treatment,) then the dissolution of all things must be at hand. — See *Crantz.*

CANTO IV.

(H), page 76.

An Icelander, named *Biocrn*, in the year 1001, following his father, who had emigrated to Greenland, is said to have been driven by a storm to the south-west, where he discovered a fine champaign country covered with forests. He did not tarry long there, but made the best of his way back again, north-east, for Greenland, which he reached in safety. The tidings of his adventure being rumoured abroad there, one *Leif*, the son of *Eric the*

Red, a famous navigator, being ambitious of acquiring fame by discovering and planting new lands, fitted out a vessel, with thirty-five men, and sailed with *Bioern* on board, in search of the south-west country. They arrived, in due time, at a low woody coast, and sailed up a river to a spacious lake, which communicated by it with the sea. The soil was exceedingly fruitful, the waters abounded with fish, particularly salmon, and the climate was mild. *Leif* and his party wintered there, and observed that, on the shortest day, the sun rose about eight o'clock, which may correspond with the forty-ninth degree of latitude, and denotes the situation of Newfoundland, or the river St. Laurence in Canada. — When they had built their huts, after landing, they one day missed a German mariner named *Tyrker*, whom, after a long search, they found in the woods, dancing with delight. On being asked what made him so merry, he answered, that he had been eating such grapes of which wine was made in his native country. When *Leif* saw and tasted the fruit himself, he called the new region Vünland, or *Wineland*. *Crantz*, who gives this account, on various authorities, adds in a note, that " well-flavoured wild grapes are known to grow in the " forests of Canada, but no good wine has been produced " from them." — After the return of *Leif* to Greenland, many voyages were undertaken to Wineland, and some colonies established there. One *Thorfin*, an Icelander,

who had married a Greenland heiress, *Gudrid*, the widow of the third son of *Eric the Red*, by whom he obtained the inheritance of Wineland, ventured thither with sixty-five men and five women; taking cattle and implements of husbandry with them, for the purpose of building and planting. The natives (probably the *Esquimaux*) found them thus settled, and were glad to barter with their furs and skins in exchange for iron instruments, &c. One of these barbarians, however, having stolen an axe, was dolt enough to try its edge on his companion's skull, which cost the poor wretch his life; whereupon a third, wiser than either, threw the murderous weapon into the sea. — Commerce with Wineland is reported to have been carried on for upwards of an hundred years afterwards.

(I), page 83.

The ancestors of the modern inhabitants first appeared on the western coast of Greenland in the fourteenth century, and are generally supposed to have overpowered the few Norwegians scattered in that quarter. They were called *Skraellings*, a word of uncertain etymology, but most probably a corruption of *Karallit* or *People*, by which they designated themselves. Of their origin nothing can be ascertained. It seems, on the whole, not incredible (from evidence and arguments which need not be quoted here), that they are the descendants of Tartarean rovers, gra-

dually emigrating from the heart of Asia, crossing over into West America, traversing the northern latitudes of that continent, and settling or wandering, as suited their convenience, till the foremost hordes reached Canada and Labrador; from whence the first Skraellings may have found a passage, by land or sea, to Greenland. That the Greenlanders are of the same stock with the Esquimaux, is obvious from the remarkable correspondence between their persons, dress, habitations, boats, and implements of hunting and fishing, as well as the similarity of manners, customs, superstitions, and language. Of these more may be said hereafter, should the poem of Greenland ever be completed. Meanwhile the slight sketch given in the context may suffice. The following description of a Greenlander's fishing-boat, or kayak, will, however, be useful to illustrate the passage. The kayak is six yards in length, pointed at the head and stern, and shaped like a weaver's shuttle; it is at the same time scarcely a foot and a half broad over the middle, and not more than a foot deep. It is built of a slender skeleton of wood, consisting of a keel, and long side-laths, with cross-ribs, like hoops, but not quite round. The whole is covered with seal's skin. In the middle of this covering there is a round aperture, supported with a strong rim of wood or bone. The Greenlander slips into the cavity with his feet, and sits down upon a board covered with

soft skin; he then tucks his water-pelt, or great coat, so tight about him, (the rim of the opening forming a girdle round his loins,) that no water can penetrate into his little skiff. His lance, harpoon, and fishing tackle are all arranged in due order before him. His *pautik*, or oar, (made of red deal, and strengthened with bone inlaid,) he uses with admirable dexterity. This, except when he is using his weapons, he grasps with both hands in the middle, striking the water on either side alternately, by which means he can sail at the rate of twenty or even twenty-four leagues a day. In his kayak the Greenlander fears no storm, so long as he can keep his oar, which enables him to sit upright among the roughest breakers, or if overturned, while the head is downward under water, with one stroke he can recover himself; but if he loses his oar, in a high sea, he loses all. No European has ever yet been able to learn to manage a kayak except in calm weather, and when he had nothing to do but to row: to fish in it has been found impracticable to any but the natives themselves, trained from their infancy to all the hardy exercises, which constituted, before the introduction of Christianity, the whole education of the poor barbarians.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

HOPE.

Imitated from the Italian of SERAFINO AQUILANO.

HOPE, unyielding to Despair,
Springs for ever fresh and fair;
Earth's serenest prospects fly,
Hope's enchantments never die.

At fortune's frown, in evil hour,
Though honour, wealth, and friends depart,
She cannot drive, with all her power,
This lonely solace from the heart:
And while *this* the soul sustains,
Fortune still unchanged remains;
Wheresoe'er her wheel she guides,
Hope upon the circle rides.

The Syrens, deep in ocean's caves,
Sing while abroad the tempests roar,
Expecting soon the frantic waves
To ripple on a smiling shore:
In the whirlwind, o'er the spray,
They behold the halcyon play;
And through midnight clouds afar,
Hope lights up the morning-star.

This pledge of bliss in future years
Makes smooth and easy every toil;
The swain, who sows the waste with tears,
In fancy reaps a teeming soil:
What though mildew blight his joy,
Frost or flood his crops destroy,
War compel his feet to roam,
Hope still carols Harvest Home!

The monarch exiled from his realm,
The slave in fetters at the oar,
The seaman sinking by the helm,
The captive on his dungeon floor;
All through peril, pain, and death,
Fondly cling to parting breath;
Glory, freedom, power, are past,
But the dream of Hope will last.

Weary and faint, with sickness worn,
Blind, lame, and deaf, and bent with age,
By man the load of life is borne
To his last step of pilgrimage:
Though the branch no longer shoot,
Vigour lingers at the root,
And in Winter's dreariest day,
Hope foretells returning May.

When, wrung with guilt, the wretch would end
His gloomy days in sudden night,
Hopes comes, an unexpected friend,
To win him back to hated light:
"Hold!" she cries; and from his hand
Plucks the suicidal brand;
"Now await a happier doom,
"Hope will cheer thee to the tomb."

When virtue droops, as comforts fail,
And sore afflictions press the mind,
Sweet Hope prolongs her pleasing tale,
Till all the world again looks kind:
Round the good man's dying bed,
Were the wreck of Nature spread,
Hope would set his spirit free,
Crying — "Immortality!"

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A MOTHER'S Love,—how sweet the name!
What *is* a Mother's love?
—A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould;
The warmest love that *can* grow cold;
This is a Mother's Love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,
Then while it lies forlorn,
To gaze upon that dearest sight,
And feel herself new-born,

In its existence lose her own,
And live and breathe in it alone;
This is a Mother's Love.

Its weakness in her arms to bear;
To cherish on her breast,
Feed it from Love's own fountain there,
And lull it there to rest;
Then while it slumbers watch its breath;
As if to guard from instant death;
This is a Mother's Love.

To mark its growth from day to day,
Its opening charms admire,
Catch from its eye the earliest ray
Of intellectual fire;
To smile and listen while it talks,
And lend a finger when it walks;
This is a Mother's Love.

And can a Mother's Love grow cold?
Can she forget her boy?
His pleading innocence behold,
Nor weep for grief — for joy?
A Mother may forget her child,
While wolves devour it on the wild;
— Is *this* a Mother's Love?

Ten thousand voices answer "No!"
Ye clasp your babes and kiss;
Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow;
Yet, ah! remember this; —
The infant, rear'd alone for earth,
May live, may die, — to curse his birth;
— Is *this* a Mother's Love?

A parent's heart may prove a snare;
The child she loves so well,
Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,
Down the smooth road to hell;

Nourish its frame, — destroy its mind:
Thus do the blind mislead the blind,
Even with a Mother's Love.

Blest infant! whom his mother taught
Early to seek the Lord,
And pour'd upon his dawning thought
The day-spring of the word;
This was the lesson to her son
— Time is Eternity begun:
Behold that Mother's Love. (*a*)

Blest Mother! who, in wisdom's path
By her own parent trod,
Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,
And know the fear of God:
Ah! youth, like him enjoy your prime,
Begin Eternity in time,
Taught by that Mother's Love.

(*a*) 2 Tim. c. i. v. 5., and c. iii. v. 14, 15.

That Mother's Love! — how sweet the name!
What *was* that Mother's Love?
— The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,
That kindles from above
Within a heart of earthly mould,
As much of heaven as heart can hold,
Nor through eternity grows cold:
This was that Mother's Love.

THE TIME-PIECE.

WHO is *He*, so swiftly flying,
His career no eye can see?
Who are *They*, so early dying,
From their birth they cease to be?
Time:—behold his pictured face!
Moments:—can you count their race?

Though, with aspect deep-dissembling,
Here he feigns unconscious sleep,
Round and round this circle trembling,
Day and night his symbols creep,
While unseen, through earth and sky,
His unwearying pinions ply.

Hark! what petty pulses, beating,
Spring new moments into light;
Every pulse, its stroke repeating,
Sends its moment back to night;
Yet not one of all the train
Comes uncall'd, or flits in vain.

In the highest realms of glory,
Spirits trace, before the throne,
On eternal scrolls, the story
Of each little moment flown;
Every deed, and word, and thought,
Through the whole creation wrought.

Were the volume of a minute
Thus to mortal sight unroll'd,
More of sin and sorrow in it,
More of man, might we behold,
Than on History's broadest page
In the reliques of an age.

Who could bear the revelation?
Who abide the sudden test?
—With instinctive consternation,
Hands would cover every breast,
Loudest tongues at once be hush'd,
Pride in all its writhings crush'd.

Who, with leer malign exploring,
On his neighbour's shame durst look?
Would not each, intensely poring
On that record in the book,
Which his inmost soul reveal'd,
Wish its leaves for ever seal'd?

Seal'd they are for years, and ages,
Till, — the earth's last circuit run,
Empire changed through all its stages,
Risen and set the latest sun,—
On the sea and on the land,
Shall a midnight Angel stand:—

Stand;—and, while th' abysses tremble,
Swear that Time shall be no more:
Quick and Dead shall then assemble,
Men and Demons range before
That tremendous judgement-seat,
Where both worlds at issue meet.

Time himself, with all his legions,
Days, Months, Years, since Nature's birth,
Shall revive,—and from all regions,
Singling out the sons of earth,
With their glory or disgrace,
Charge their spenders face to face.

Every moment of my being
Then shall pass before mine eyes:
—God, all-searching! God, all-seeing!
Oh! appease them, ere they rise;
Warn'd I fly, I fly to Thee:
God, be merciful to me!

STANZAS

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE REV. THOMAS SPENCER, OF LIVERPOOL,

WHO WAS DROWNED, WHILE BATHING IN THE TIDE, ON THE 5TH OF AUGUST, 1811, IN HIS 21ST YEAR.

"Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters; and thy footsteps are not known." PSALM lxxvii. 19.

I WILL not sing a mortal's praise;
To Thee I consecrate my lays,
To whom my powers belong!
These gifts upon thine altar strown,
O GOD! accept — accept thine own;
My gifts are Thine, — be Thine alone
The glory of my song.

In earth and ocean, sky and air,
All that is excellent and fair,
Seen, felt, or understood,
From one eternal cause descends,
To one eternal centre tends,
With GOD begins, continues, ends,
The source and stream of good.

I worship not the Sun at noon,
The wandering Stars, the changing Moon,
The Wind, the Flood, the Flame;
I will not bow the votive knee
To Wisdom, Virtue, Liberty;
"There *is* no God but GOD," for me;
—Jehovah is his name.

Him through all nature I explore,
Him in his creatures I adore,
Around, beneath, above;

But clearest in the human mind,
His bright resemblance when I find,
Grandeur with purity combined,
I most admire and love.

Oh! there was ONE, — on earth a while
He dwelt; — but transient as a smile
That turns into a tear,
His beauteous image pass'd us by;
He came, like lightning from the sky,
He seem'd as dazzling to the eye,
As prompt to disappear.

Mild in his undissembling mien,
Were genius, candour, meekness seen;
— The lips, that loved the truth;
The single eye, whose glance sublime
Look'd to eternity through time;
The soul, whose hopes were wont to climb
Above the joys of youth.

Of old,— before the lamp grew dark,
Reposing near the curtain'd ark,
The child of Hannah's prayer
Heard, through the temple's silent round,
A living voice, nor knew the sound,
— That thrice alarm'd him, ere he found
The Lord, who chose him there. (a)

Thus early call'd, and strongly moved,
A prophet from a child, approved,
SPENCER his course began;
From strength to strength, from grace to grace,
Swiftest and foremost in the race,
He carried victory in his face;
He triumph'd as he ran.

How short his day! — the glorious prize,
To our slow hearts and failing eyes,
Appear'd too quickly won:

(a) 1 Sam. chap. iii.

— The warrior rush'd into the field,
With arm invincible to wield
The Spirit's sword, the Spirit's shield,
When, lo! the fight was done.

The loveliest star of evening's train
Sets early in the western main,
And leaves the world in night;
The brightest star of morning's host,
Scarce-risen, in brighter beams is lost;
Thus sunk his form on ocean's coast,
Thus sprang his soul to light.

Who shall forbid the eye to weep,
That saw him, from the ravening deep,
Pluck'd like the lion's prey?
For ever bow'd his honour'd head,
The spirit in a moment fled,
The heart of friendship cold and dead,
The limbs a wreath of clay!

Revolving his mysterious lot,
I mourn him, but I praise him not;
  Glory to God be given,
Who sent him, like the radiant bow,
His covenant of peace to show;
Athwart the breaking storm to glow,
  Then vanish into heaven.

O Church! to whom that youth was dear
The Angel of thy mercies here,
  Behold the path he trod,
"A milky way" through midnight skies!
— Behold the grave in which he lies,
Even from this dust thy prophet cries,
  "*Prepare to meet thy GOD.*"

HUMAN LIFE.

Job, chap. xiv.

How few and evil are thy days,
Man, of a woman born!
Trouble and peril haunt thy ways:
— Forth like a flower at morn,
The tender infant springs to light,
Youth blossoms with the breeze,
Age, withering age, is cropt ere night;
— Man like a shadow flees.

And dost Thou look on such an one?
Will God to judgement call
A worm, for what a worm hath done
Against the Lord of all?

As fail the waters from the deep,
As summer brooks run dry,
Man lieth down in dreamless sleep:
— Our life is vanity.

Man lieth down, no more to wake,
Till yonder arching sphere
Shall with a roll of thunder break,
And nature disappear.
— Oh! hide me, till thy wrath be past,
Thou, who canst kill or save;
Hide me, where hope may anchor fast
In my Redeemer's grave.

THE VISIBLE CREATION.

THE God of Nature and of Grace
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By Him in wisdom plann'd;
'Twas He, who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.

Lift to the firmament your eye;
Thither his path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

He bows the heavens — the mountains stand
A high-way for their God;
He walks amidst the desert land,
— 'Tis Eden where He trod.

The forests in his strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.

Here on the hills He feeds his herds,
His flocks on yonder plains;
His praise is warbled by the birds;
— O could we catch their strains!

— Mount with the lark, and bear our song
Up to the gates of light,
Or with the nightingale prolong
Our numbers through the night!

In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his spirit blows,
—The breath of life and health.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound;
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found!

SONNET.

Imitated from the Italian of GAETANA PASSERINI.

IF in the field I meet a smiling flower,
Methinks it whispers, "God created me,
"And I to Him devote my little hour,
"In lonely sweetness and humility."
If, where the forest's darkest shadows lower,
A serpent quick and venomous I see,
It seems to say, — "I, too, extol the power
"Of Him, who caused me, at his will, to be."
The fountain purling, and the river strong,
The rocks, the trees, the mountains raise one song;
"Glory to God!" re-echoes in mine ear:
Faithless were I, in wilful error blind,
Did I not Him in all his creatures find,
His voice through heaven, and earth, and ocean hear.

SONNET.

Imitated from the Italian of GIAMBATTISTA COTTA.

I SAW the' eternal God, in robes of light,
Rise from his throne,—to judgment forth He came;
His presence pass'd before me, like the flame
That fires the forest in the depth of night;
Whirlwind and storm, amazement and affright,
Compass'd his path, and shook all Nature's frame,
When from the heaven of heavens, with loud acclaim,
To earth he wing'd his instantaneous flight.

As some triumphal oak, whose boughs have spread
Their changing foliage through a thousand years,
Bows to the rushing wind its glorious head,
The universal arch of yonder spheres
Sunk with the pressure of its Maker's tread,
And earth's foundations quaked with mortal fears.

SONNET.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Imitated from the Italian of CRESCEMBINI.

I ASK'D the Heavens; — "What foe to God hath done
"This unexampled deed?" — The Heavens exclaim,
"'Twas Man; — and we in horror snatch'd the sun
"From such a spectacle of guilt and shame."

I ask'd the Sea; — the Sea in fury boil'd,
And answer'd with his voice of storms, — "'Twas Man;
"My waves in panic at his crime recoil'd,
"Disclosed the' abyss, and from the centre ran."

I ask'd the Earth; — the Earth replied aghast,
" 'Twas Man; — and such strange pangs my bosom
rent,
" That still I groan and shudder at the past."
— To Man, gay, smiling, thoughtless Man, I went,
And ask'd him next: — *He* turn'd a scornful eye,
Shook his proud head, and deign'd me no reply.

THE BIBLE.

WHAT is the world? — A wildering maze,
Where Sin hath track'd ten thousand ways,
Her victims to ensnare;
All broad, and winding, and aslope,
All tempting with perfidious hope,
All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng those roads,
Bearing their baubles, or their loads,
Down to eternal night;
— *One* humble path, that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
From darkness into light.

Is there a Guide to shew that path?
The Bible: — He alone, who hath
The Bible, need not stray:
Yet he who hath, and will not give
That heavenly Guide to all that live,
Himself shall lose the way.

INSTRUCTION.

From heaven descend the drops of dew,
From heaven the gracious showers,
Earth's winter-aspect to renew,
And clothe the spring with flowers;
From heaven the beams of morning flow,
That melt the gloom of night;
From heaven the evening breezes blow,
Health, fragrance, and delight.

Like genial dew, like fertile showers,
The words of wisdom fall,
Awaken man's unconscious powers,
Strength out of weakness call:
Like morning beams they strike the mind,
Its loveliness reveal;
And softer than the evening wind,
The wounded spirit heal.

As dew and rain, as light and air.
From heaven Instruction came;
The waste of Nature to repair,
Kindle a sacred flame;
A flame to purify the earth,
Exalt her sons on high,
And train them for their second birth,
— Their birth beyond the sky.

ALBION! on every human soul,
By thee be knowledge shed,
Far as the ocean-waters roll,
Wide as the shores are spread:
Truth makes thy children free at home;
Oh! that thy flag, unfurl'd,
Might shine, where'er thy children roam,
Truth's banner round the world.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

OCCASIONED BY THE SUDDEN DEATH OF THE

REV. THOMAS TAYLOR;

After having declared, in his last Sermon, on a preceding evening, that he hoped to die as an old soldier of Jesus Christ, with his sword in his hand.

"SERVANT of God! well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."
— The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear,
A mortal arrow pierced his frame:
He fell, — but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him in the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield:
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight;
Ready that moment at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edged blade,
Of heavenly temper keen;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it smote between:
'Twas death to sin;—'twas life
To all that mourn'd for sin;
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within.

Oft with its fiery force,
His arm had quell'd the foe,

And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien-armies low.
Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss;
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.

At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke, — and caught his Captain's eye;
Then strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit, with a bound,
Burst its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sun-rise, on the ground,
A darken'd ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease,
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ! well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

ON THE ROYAL INFANT,

Still-born, Nov. 5. 1817.

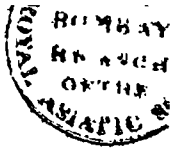
A THRONE on earth awaited thee;
A nation long'd to see thy face,
Heir to a glorious ancestry,
And father of a mightier race.

Vain hope! that throne thou must not fill;
Thee may that nation ne'er behold;
Thine ancient house is heirless still,
Thy line shall never be unroll'd.

Yet while we mourn thy flight from earth,
Thine was a destiny sublime;
Caught up to Paradise in birth,
Pluck'd by Eternity from Time.

The Mother knew her offspring dead:
Oh! was it grief, or was it love
That broke her heart? — The spirit fled
To seek her nameless child above.

Led by his natal star, she trod
The path to heaven: — the meeting there,
And how they stood before their God,
The day of judgment shall declare.



A MIDNIGHT THOUGHT.

In a land of strange delight,
My transported spirit stray'd,
I awake where all is night,
Silence, solitude, and shade.

Is the dream of Nature flown?
Is the universe destroy'd,—
Man extinct, and I alone
Breathing through the formless void?

No:—my soul, in God rejoice;
Through the gloom his light I see,
In the silence hear his voice,
And his hand is over me.

When I slumber in the tomb,
He will guard my resting-place
Fearless in the day of doom,
May I stand before his face!

A NIGHT IN A STAGE-COACH;

BEING A

MEDITATION ON THE WAY BETWEEN LONDON AND BRISTOL,

SEPT. 23. 1815.

I TRAVEL all the irksome night,
By ways to me unknown;
I travel, like a bird in flight,
Onward, and all alone.

In vain I close my weary eyes,
They will not, cannot sleep,
But, like the watchers of the skies,
Their twinkling vigils keep.

My thoughts are wandering wild and far;
From earth to heaven they dart;
Now wing their flight from star to star,
Now dive into my heart.

Backward they roll the tide of time,
And live through vanish'd years;
Or hold their "colloquy sublime"
With future hopes and fears;—

Then passing joys and present woes
Chase through my troubled mind;
Repose still seeking,—but repose
Not for a moment find.

So yonder lone and lovely moon
Gleams on the clouds gone by,
Illumines those around her noon,
Yet westward points her eye.

Nor wind nor flood her course delay,
Through heaven I see her glide;
She never pauses on her way,
She never turns aside.

With anxious heart and throbbing brain,
Strength, patience, spirits gone,
Pulses of fire in every vein,
Thus, thus I journey on.

But soft! — in Nature's failing hour,
Up springs a breeze — I feel
Its balmy breath, its cordial power,
— A power to soothe and heal.

Lo! grey, and gold, and crimson streaks
The gorgeous east adorn,
While o'er the' empurpled mountain breaks
The glory of the morn.

Insensibly the stars retire,
Exhaled like drops of dew;
Now through an arch of living fire,
The sun comes forth to view.

The hills, the vales, the waters burn
With his enkindling rays,
No sooner touch'd than they return
A tributary blaze.

His quickening light on me descends,
His cheering warmth I own;
Upward to him my spirit tends,
But worships God alone.

Oh! that on me, with beams benign,
His countenance would turn:
I too should then arise and shine,
— Arise, and shine, and burn.

Slowly I raise my languid head;
Pain and soul-sickness cease,
The phantoms of dismay are fled,
And health returns, and peace.

Where is the beauty of the scene,
Which silent night display'd?
The clouds, the stars, the blue serene,
The moving light and shade?

All gone! — the moon, erewhile so bright,
Veil'd with a dusky shroud,
Seems, in the sun's o'erpowering light,
The fragment of a cloud.

At length, I reach my journey's end;
— Welcome that well-known face!
I meet a brother and a friend;
I find a resting-place.

Just such a pilgrimage is life;
Hurried from stage to stage,
Our wishes with our lot at strife,
Through childhood to old age.

The world is seldom what it seems ; —
To man, who dimly sees,
Realities appear as dreams,
And dreams realities.

The Christian's years, though slow their flight,
When he is call'd away ;
Are but the watches of a night,
And Death the dawn of day.

THE REIGN OF SPRING.

WHO loves not Spring's voluptuous hours,
The carnival of birds and flowers?
Yet who would choose, however dear,
That Spring should revel all the year?
— Who loves not Summer's splendid reign,
The bridal of the earth and main?
Yet who would choose, however bright,
A Dog-day noon without a night?
— Who loves not Autumn's joyous round,
When corn, and wine, and oil abound?
Yet who would choose, however gay,
A year of unrenew'd decay?
— Who loves not Winter's aweful form?
The sphere-born music of the storm?

Yet who would choose, how grand soever,
The shortest day to last for ever?
'Twas in that age renown'd, remote,
When all was true that Esop wrote;
And in that land of fair Ideal,
Where all that poets dream is real;
Upon a day of annual state,
The Seasons met in high debate.
There blush'd young Spring in maiden-pride,
Blithe Summer look'd a gorgeous bride,
Staid Autumn moved with matron-grace,
And beldame Winter pursed her face.
Dispute grew wild; all talk'd together;
The four at once made wondrous weather;
Nor one, (whate'er the rest had shewn,)
Heard any reason but her own,
While each, (for nothing else was clear,)
Claim'd the whole circle of the year.
Spring, in possession of the field,
Compell'd her sisters soon to yield:

They part,— resolved elsewhere to try
A twelvemonth's empire of the sky;
And calling off their airy legions,
Alighted in adjacent regions.
Spring o'er the eastern champaign smiled,
Fell Winter ruled the northern wild;
Summer pursued the sun's red car,
But Autumn loved the twilight star.

As Spring parades her new domain,
Love, Beauty, Pleasure, hold her train;
Her footsteps wake the flowers beneath,
That start, and blush, and sweetly breathe;
Her gales on nimble pinions rove,
And shake to foliage every grove;
Her voice, in dell and thicket heard,
Cheers on the nest the mother-bird;
The ice-lock'd streams, as if they felt
Her touch, to liquid diamond melt;
The lambs around her bleat and play;
The serpent flings his slough away,

And shines in orient colours dight,
A flexile ray of living light.
Nature unbinds her wintry shroud,
(As the soft sunshine melts the cloud,)
With infant gambols sports along,
Bounds into youth, and soars in song.
The morn impearls her locks with dew;
Noon spreads a sky of boundless blue;
The rainbow spans the evening scene,
The night is silent and serene,
Save when her lonely minstrel wrings
The heart with sweetness, while he sings.
— Who would not wish, unrivall'd here,
That Spring might frolic all the year?
Three months are fled, and still she reigns,
Exulting queen o'er hills and plains;
The birds renew their nuptial vow,
Nestlings themselves are lovers now;
Fresh broods each bending bough receives,
Till feathers far outnumber leaves;

But kites in circles swim the air,
And sadden music to despair.
The stagnant pools, the quaking bogs,
Teem, croak, and crawl with hordes of frogs;
The matted woods, the' infected earth,
Are venomous with reptile-birth;
Armies of locusts cloud the skies;
With beetles hornets, gnats with flies,
Interminable warfare wage,
And madden heaven with insect-rage.

The flowers are wither'd;—sun nor dew
Their fallen glories shall renew;
The flowers are wither'd;—germ nor seed
Ripen in garden, wild, or mead:
The corn-fields shoot;—their blades, alas!
Run riot in luxuriant grass.
The tainted flocks, the drooping kine,
In famine of abundance pine,
Where vegetation, sour, unsound,
And loathsome, rots, and rankles round;

Nature with nature seems at strife;
Nothing can live but monstrous life,
By death engender'd;—food and breath
Are turn'd to elements of death;
And where the soil his victims strew,
Corruption quickens them anew.

But ere the year was half expired,
Spring saw her folly, and retired;
Yoked her light chariot to a breeze,
And mounted to the Pleiades;
Content with them to rest or play
Along the calm nocturnal way;
Till heaven's remaining circuit run,
They meet the pale hybernal sun,
And gaily mingling in his blaze,
Hail the true dawn of vernal days.

THE REIGN OF SUMMER.

THE hurricanes are fled; the rains,
That plough'd the mountains, wreck'd the plains,
Have pass'd away before the wind,
And left a wilderness behind,
As if an ocean had been there
Exhaled, and left its channels bare.
But, with a new and sudden birth,
Nature replenishes the earth;
Plants, flowers, and shrubs, o'er all the land,
So promptly rise, so thickly stand,
As if they heard a voice,—and came,
Each at the calling of its name.
The tree, by tempests stript and rent,
Expands its verdure like a tent,

Beneath whose shade, in weary length,
The' enormous lion rests his strength,
For blood, in dreams of hunting, burns,
Or, chased himself, to fight returns;
Growls in his sleep, a dreary sound,
Grinds his wedged teeth, and spurns the ground;
While monkeys, in grotesque amaze,
Down from their bending perches gaze,
But when he lifts his eye of fire,
Quick to the topmost boughs retire.
Loud o'er the mountains bleat the flocks;
The goat is bounding on the rocks;
Far in the valleys range the herds;
The welkin gleams with flitting birds,
Whose plumes such gorgeous tints adorn,
They seem the offspring of the morn.
From nectar'd flowers and groves of spice,
Earth breathes the air of Paradise;
Her mines their hidden wealth betray,
Treasures of darkness burst to day;

O'er golden sands the rivers glide,
And pearls and amber track the tide.
Of every sensual bliss possess'd,
Man riots here; — but *is* he bless'd?
And would he choose, for ever bright,
This Summer-day without a night?
For here hath Summer fix'd her throne,
Intent to reign, — and reign alone.
Daily the sun, in his career,
Hotter and higher, climbs the sphere,
Till from the zenith, in his rays,
Without a cloud or shadow, blaze
The realms beneath him: — in his march,
On the blue key-stone of heaven's arch,
He stands: — air, earth, and ocean lie
Within the presence of his eye.
The wheel of Nature seems to rest,
Nor rolls him onward to the west,
Till thrice three days of noon unchanged
That torrid clime have so deranged,

Nine years may not the wrong repair;
But Summer checks the ravage there;
Yet still enjoins the sun to steer
By the stern Dog-star round the year,
With dire extremes of day and night,
Tartarean gloom, celestial light.
In vain the gaudy season shines,
Her beauty fades, her power declines;
Then first her bosom felt a care;
—No healing breeze embalm'd the air,
No mist the mountain-tops bedew'd,
Nor shower the arid vale renew'd:
The herbage shrunk; the ploughman's toil
Scatter'd to dust the crumbling soil;
Blossoms were shed; the' umbrageous wood,
Laden with sapless foliage, stood;
The streams, impoverish'd day by day,
Lessen'd insensibly away;
Where cattle sought, with piteous moans,
The vanish'd lymph, midst burning stones,

And tufts of wither'd reeds, that fill
The wonted channel of the rill;
Till, stung with hornets, mad with thirst,
In sudden rout, away they burst,
Nor rest, till where some channel deep
Gleams in small pools, whose waters sleep;
There with huge draught and eager eye
Drink for existence, — drink and die!

But direr evils soon arose,
Hopeless, unmitigable woes;
Man proves the shock; through all his veins
The frenzy of the season reigns;
With pride, lust, rage, ambition blind,
He burns in every fire of mind,
Which kindles from insane desire,
Or fellest hatred can inspire;
Reckless whatever ill befall,
He dares to do and suffer all
That heart can think, that arm can deal,
Or out of hell a fury feel.

There stood in that romantic clime,
A mountain awefully sublime;
O'er many a league the basement spread,
It tower'd in many an airy head,
Height over height, — now gay, now wild,
The peak with ice eternal piled;
Pure in mid-heaven, that crystal cone
A diadem of glory shone;
Reflecting, in the night-fall'n sky,
The beams of day's departed eye;
Or holding, ere the dawn begun,
Communion with the' unrisen sun.
The cultured sides were clothed with woods,
Vineyards, and fields, or track'd with floods,
Whose glacier-fountains, hid on high,
Sent down their rivers from the sky.
O'er plains, that mark'd its gradual scale,
On sunny slope, in shelter'd vale,
Earth's universal tenant, — He,
Who lives wherever life may be.

Sole, social, fix'd, or free to roam,
Always and every where at home,
MAN pitch'd his tents, adorn'd his bowers,
Built temples, palaces, and towers,
And made that Alpine world his own,
— The miniature of every zone,
From brown savannahs parch'd below
To ridges of cerulean snow.

Those high-lands form'd a last retreat
From rabid Summer's fatal heat;
Though not unfelt her fervours there,
Vernal and cool the middle air;
While from the icy pyramid
Streams of unfailing freshness slid,
That long had slaked the thirsty land,
Till avarice, with insatiate hand,
Their currents check'd; in sunless caves,
And rock-bound dells, ingulf'd the waves,
And thence in scanty measures doled,
Or turn'd heaven's bounty into gold.

Ere long the dwellers on the plain
Murmur'd; — their murmurs were in vain;
Petition'd, — but their prayers were spurn'd;
Threaten'd, — defiance was return'd;
Then rang both regions with alarms;
Blood-kindling trumpets blew to arms;
The maddening drum and deafening fife
Marshall'd the elements of strife:
Sternly the mountaineers maintain
Their rights against the' insurgent plain;
The plain's indignant myriads rose
To wrest the mountain from their foes,
Resolved its blessings to enjoy
By dint of valour; — or destroy.
The legions met in war-array;
The mountaineers brook'd no delay,
Aside their missile weapons threw,
From holds impregnable withdrew,
And, rashly brave, with sword and shield,
Rush'd headlong to the open field.

Their foes the' auspicious omen took,
And raised a battle-shout, that shook
The champaign; — staunch and keen for blood,
Front threatening front, the columns stood,
But, while like thunder-clouds they frown,
In tropic haste the sun went down;
Night o'er both armies stretch'd her tent,
The star-bespangled firmament,
Whose placid host, revolving slow,
Smile on the' impatient hordes below,
That chafe and fret the hours away,
Curse the dull gloom, and long for day,
Though destined by their own decree
No other day nor night to see.
— That night is past, that day begun,
Swift as he sunk ascends the sun,
And from the red horizon springs
Upward, as borne on eagle-wings:
Aslant each army's lengthen'd lines,
O'er shields and helms he proudly shines,

While spears, that catch his lightnings keen,
Flash them athwart the space between.
Before the battle-shock, when breath
And pulse are still, — awaiting death:
In that cold pause, which seems to be
The prelude to eternity,
When fear, ere yet a blow is dealt,
Betray'd by none, by all is felt;
While, moved beneath their feet, the tomb
Widens her laps to make them room:
— Till, in the onset of the fray,
Fear, feeling, thought are cast away,
And foaming, raging, mingling foes,
Like billows dash'd in conflict, close,
Charge, strike, repel, wound, struggle, fly,
Gloriously win, unconquer'd die; —
Here, in dread silence, while they stand,
Each with a death-stroke in his hand,
His eye fix'd forward, and his ear
Tingling the signal blast to hear;

The trumpet sounds; — one note, — no more;
The field, the fight, the war is o'er;
An earthquake rent the void between;
A moment shew'd, and shut the scene;
Men, chariots, steeds, — of either host,
The flower, the pride, the strength were lost:
A solitude remains; — the dead
Are buried there; — the living fled.

Nor yet the reign of Summer closed;
— At night in their own homes reposed
The fugitives, on either side,
Who 'scaped the death their comrades died;
When lo! with many a giddy shock,
The mountain-cliffs began to rock,
And deep below the hollow ground
Ran a strange mystery of sound,
As if, in chains and torments there,
Spirits were venting their despair.
That sound, those shocks the sleepers woke;
In trembling consternation, broke

Forth from their dwellings, young and old;
— Nothing abroad their eyes behold
But darkness so intensely wrought,
'Twas blindness in themselves they thought.
Anon, aloof, with sudden rays,
Issued so fierce, so broad a blaze,
That darkness started into light,
And every eye, restored to sight,
Gazed on the glittering crest of snows,
Whence the bright conflagration rose,
Whose flames condensed at once aspire,
— A pillar of celestial fire,
Alone amidst infernal shade,
In glorious majesty display'd:
Beneath, from rifted caverns broke
Volumes of suffocating smoke,
That roll'd in surges, like a flood,
By the red radiance turn'd to blood.
Morn look'd aghast upon the scene,
Nor could a sun-beam pierce between

The panoply of vapours, spread
Above, around the mountain's head.
In distant fields, with drought consumed,
Joy swell'd all hearts, all eyes illumed,
When from that peak, through lowering skies,
Thick curling clouds were seen to rise,
And hang o'er all the darken'd plain,
The presage of descending rain.
The' exulting cattle bound along,
The tuneless birds attempt a song,
The swain, amidst his sterile lands,
With outstrech'd arms of rapture stands.
But, fraught with plague and curses, came
The' insidious progeny of flame;
Ah! then, — for fertilizing showers,
The pledge of herbage, fruits,and flowers, —
Words cannot paint, how every eye,
(Blood-shot and dim with agony,)
Was glazed, as by a palsying spell,
When light sulphureous ashes fell,

Dazzling, and eddying to and fro,
Like wildering sleet or feathery snow:
Strewn with grey pumice Nature lies,
At every motion quick to rise,
Tainting with livid fumes the air;
— Then hope lies down in prone despair,
And man and beast, with misery dumb,
Sullenly brood on woes to come.
The mountain now, like living earth,
Pregnant with some stupendous birth,
Heaved, in the anguish of its throes,
Sheer from its crest the' incumbent snows;
And where of old they chill'd the sky,
Beneath the sun's meridian eye,
Or, purpling in the golden west,
Appear'd his evening throne of rest,
There, black and bottomless and wide,
A cauldron rent from side to side,
Simmer'd and hiss'd with huge turmoil;
Earth's disembowell'd minerals boil.

And thence in molten torrents rush:
— Water and fire, like sisters, gush
From the same source; the double stream
Meets, battles, and explodes in steam;
Then fire prevails: and broad and deep
Red lava roars from steep to steep;
While rocks unseated, woods upriven,
Are headlong down the current driven;
Columnar flames are rapt aloof,
In whirlwind forms, to heaven's high roof,
And there, amidst transcendent gloom,
Image the wrath beyond the tomb.

The mountaineers, in wild affright,
Too late for safety, urge their flight;
Women, made childless in the fray,
Women, made mothers yesterday,
The sick, the aged, and the blind;
— None but the dead are left behind.
Painful their journey, toilsome, slow,
Beneath their feet quick embers glow,

And hurtle round in dreadful hail;
Their limbs, their hearts, their senses fail,
While many a victim, by the way,
Buried alive in ashes lay,
Or perish'd by the lightning's stroke,
Before the slower thunder broke.
A few the open field explore:
The throng seek refuge on the shore,
Between two burning rivers hemm'd,
Whose rage nor mounds nor hollows stemm'd;
Driven like a herd of deer, they reach
The lonely, dark, and silent beach,
Where, calm as innocence in sleep,
Expanded lies the' unconscious deep.
Awhile the fugitives respire,
And watch those cataracts of fire,
(That bar escape on either hand,)
Rush on the ocean from the strand;
Back from the onset rolls the tide,
But instant clouds the conflict hide;

The lavas plunge to gulfs unknown,
And as they plunge, relapse to stone.
Meanwhile the mad volcano grew
Tenfold more terrible to view;
And thunders, such as shall be hurl'd
At the death-sentence of the world;
And lightnings, such as shall consume
Creation, and creation's tomb,
Nor leave, amidst the' eternal void,
One trembling atom undestroy'd;
Such thunders crash'd, such lightnings glared:
—Another fate those outcasts shared,
When, with one desolating sweep,
An earthquake seem'd to' ingulf the deep,
Then threw it back, and from its bed
Hung a whole ocean overhead;
The victims shriek'd beneath the wave,
And in a moment found one grave;
Down to the' abyss the flood return'd:
Alone, unseen, the mountain burn'd.

INCOGNITA:

WRITTEN AT LEAMINGTON, IN 1817,

ON VIEWING THE PICTURE OF AN UNKNOWN LADY.

"She was a phantom of delight."—WORDSWORTH.

IMAGE of One, who lived of yore!
Hail to that lovely mien,
Once quick and conscious;—now no more
On land or ocean seen!
Were all earth's breathing forms to pass
Before me in Agrippa's glass (*a*),
Many as fair as Thou might be,
But oh! not one,—not one like Thee.

(*a*) *Henry Cornelius Agrippa*, of Nettesheim, counsellor to *Charles* V. Emperor of Germany,—the author of *Occult Philosophy*, and other profound works,—is said to have shewn to the *Earl of Surrey* the image of his mistress *Geraldine*, in a magical mirror.

Thou art no Child of Fancy;— Thou
The very look dost wear,
That gave enchantment to a brow,
Wreathed with luxuriant hair;
Lips of the morn embathed in dew,
And eyes of evening's starry blue;
Of all who e'er enjoy'd the sun,
Thou art the image of but *One*.

And who was she, in virgin prime,
And May of womanhood,
Whose roses here, unpluck'd by Time,
In shadowy tints have stood;
While many a winter's withering blast
Hath o'er the dark cold chamber pass'd,
In which her once-resplendent form
Slumber'd to dust beneath the storm?

Of gentle blood;— upon her birth,
Consenting planets smiled,

And she had seen those days of mirth,
That frolic round the child;
To bridal bloom her strength had sprung,
Behold her beautiful and young!
Lives there a record, which hath told,
That she was wedded, widow'd, old?

How long her date, 'twere vain to guess:
The pencil's cunning art
Can but a single glance express,
One motion of the heart;
A smile, a blush, — a transient grace
Of air, and attitude, and face;
One passion's changing colour mix;
One moment's flight for ages fix.

Her joys and griefs, alike in vain,
Would fancy here recall;
Her throbs of ecstacy or pain
Lull'd in oblivion all;

With her, methinks, life's little hour
Pass'd like the fragrance of a flower,
That leaves upon the vernal wind
Sweetness we ne'er again may find.

Where dwelt she?—Ask yon aged tree,
Whose boughs embower the lawn,
Whether the birds' wild minstrelsy
Awoke her here at dawn;
Whether beneath its youthful shade,
At noon, in infancy she play'd?
—If from the oak no answer come,
Of her all oracles are dumb.

The Dead are like the stars by day;
—Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But not extinct, they hold their way,
In glory through the sky;
Spirits, from bondage thus set free,
Vanish amidst immensity,

Where human thought, like human sight,
Fails to pursue their trackless flight.

Somewhere within created space,
Could I explore that round,
In bliss, or woe, there is a place,
Where she might still be found;
And oh! unless those eyes deceive,
I may, I must, I will believe,
That she, whose charms so meekly glow,
Is what she only seem'd below;—

An angel in that glorious realm,
Where God himself is King:
—But awe and fear, that overwhelm
Presumption, check my wing;
Nor dare imagination look
Upon the symbols of that book,
Wherein eternity enrolls
The judgements on departed souls.

Of Her of whom these pictured lines
A faint resemblance form;
— Fair as the *second* rainbow shines
Aloof amid the storm;
Of Her, this "shadow of a shade,"
Like its original, must fade,
And She, forgotten when unseen,
Shall be as if she ne'er had been.

Ah! then, perchance, this dreaming strain,
Of all that e'er I sung,
A lorn memorial may remain,
When silent lies my tongue;
When shot the meteor of my fame,
Lost the vain echo of my name,
This leaf, this fallen leaf, may be
The only trace of her and me.

With One who lived of old, my song
In lowly cadence rose:

To One who is unborn, belong
The accents of its close:
Ages to come, with courteous ear,
Some youth my warning voice may hear;
And voices from the dead should be
The warnings of eternity.

When these weak lines thy presence greet,
Reader! if I am bless'd,
Again, as spirits, may we meet
In glory and in rest:
If not, — and *I* have lost my way,
Here part we; — go not *Thou* astray;
No tomb, no verse my story tell!
Once, and for ever, Fare Thee well.

THE LITTLE CLOUD,

Seen in a Country Excursion, June 30. 1818.

THE summer sun was in the west,
Yet far above his evening rest;
A thousand clouds in air display'd
Their floating isles of light and shade,
The sky, like ocean's channels, seen
In long meandering streaks between.
Cultured and waste, the landscape lay;
Woods, mountains, valleys stretch'd away,
And throng'd the' immense horizon round,
With heaven's eternal girdle bound;
From inland towns, eclipsed with smoke,
Steeples in lonely grandeur broke;

Hamlets, and cottages, and streams
By glimpses caught the casual gleams,
Or blazed in lustre broad and strong,
Beyond the picturing powers of song:
O'er all the eye enchanted ranged,
While colours, forms, proportions changed,
Or sunk in distance undefined,
Still as our devious course inclined;
— And oft we paused, and look'd behind.

One little cloud, and only one,
Seem'd the pure offspring of the sun,
Flung from his orb to shew us here
What clouds adorn *his* hemisphere;
Unmoved, unchanging, in the gale,
That bore the rest o'er hill and dale,
Whose shadowy shapes, with lights around,
Like living motions, swept the ground,
This little cloud, and this alone,
Long in the highest ether shone;

Gay as a warrior's banner spread,
Its sunward margin ruby-red,
Green, purple, gold, and every hue
That glitters in the morning dew,
Or glows along the rainbow's form,
— The apparition of the storm.
Deep in its bosom, diamond-bright,
Behind a fleece of pearly white,
It seem'd a secret glory dwelt,
Whose presence, while unseen, was felt:
Like Beauty's eye, in slumber hid
Beneath a half-transparent lid,
From whence a sound, a touch, a breath,
Might startle it, — as life from death.
Looks, words, emotions of surprise
Welcomed the stranger to our eyes:
Was it the phœnix, that from earth
In flames of incense sprang to birth?
Had ocean from his lap let fly
His loveliest halcyon through the sky?

No: — while we gazed, the pageant grew
A nobler object to our view;
We deem'd, if heaven with earth would hold
Communion, as in days of old,
Such, on his journey down the sphere,
Benignant RAPHAEL might appear,
In splendid mystery conceal'd,
Yet by his rich disguise reveal'd:
— That buoyant vapour, in mid-air,
An angel in its folds might bear,
Who, through the curtain of his shrine,
Betray'd his lineaments divine.
The wild, the warm illusion stole,
Like inspiration, o'er the soul,
Till thought was rapture, language hung,
Silent but trembling on the tongue;
And fancy almost hoped to hail
The seraph rushing through his veil,
Or hear an awful voice proclaim
The embassy on which he came.

But ah! no minister of grace
Shew'd from the firmament his face,
Nor, borne aloof on balanced wings,
Reveal'd unutterable things.
The sun went down:— the vision pass'd;
The cloud was *but* a cloud at last;
Yet when its brilliancy decay'd,
The eye still linger'd on the shade,
And watching, till no longer seen,
Loved it for what it once had been.

That cloud was beautiful,—was one
Among a thousand round the sun;
The thousand shared the common lot;
They came,— they went,— they were forgot;
This fairy-form alone impress'd
Its perfect image in my breast,
And shines as richly blazon'd there
As in its element of air.

The day on which that cloud appear'd,
Exhilarating scenes endear'd:

—The sunshine on the hills, the floods;
The breeze, the twilight of the woods;
Nature in every change of green,
Heaven in unnumber'd aspects seen:
Health, spirits, exercise, release
From noise and smoke; twelve hours of peace;
No fears to haunt, no cares to vex;
Friends, young and old, of either sex;
Converse familiar, sportive, kind,
Where heart meets heart, mind quickens mind,
And words and thoughts are all at play,
Like children on a holiday;
—Till themes celestial rapt the soul
In adoration o'er the pole,
Where stars are darkness in *His* sight,
Who reigns invisible in light,
High above all created things,
The Lord of Lords, the King of Kings;
Faith, which could thus on wing sublime
Outsoar the bounded flight of time;

Hope full of immortality,
And God in all the eye could see;
—These, these endear'd that day to me,
And made it, in a thousand ways,
A day among a thousand days,
That share with clouds the common lot;
They come,—they go,—they are forgot:
This, like that plaything of the sun,
—The little, lonely, lovely one,
This lives within me;—this shall be
A part of my eternity.

Amidst the cares, the toils, the strife,
The weariness and waste of life,
That day shall memory oft restore,
And in a moment live it o'er,
When, with a lightning-flash of thought,
Morn, noon, and eve at once are brought,
(As through the vision of a trance,)
All in the compass of a glance.

Oh! should I reach a world above,
And sometimes think of those I love,

Of things on earth too dearly prized,
(Nor yet by saints in heaven despised,)
Though Spirits made perfect may lament
Life's holier hours as half misspent,
Methinks I could not turn away
The fond remembrance of that day,
The bright idea of that cloud,
(Survivor of a countless crowd,)
Without a pause, perhaps a sigh,—
To think such loveliness should die,
And clouds and days of storm and gloom
Scowl on Man's passage to the tomb.
—Not so:—I feel I have a heart
Blessings to share, improve, impart,
In blithe, severe, or pensive mood,
At home, abroad, in solitude,
Whatever clouds are on the wing,
Whatever day the seasons bring.
That is true happiness below,
Which conscience cannot turn to woe;

And though such happiness depends
Neither on clouds, nor days, nor friends,
When friends, and days, and clouds unite,
And kindred chords are tuned aright,
The harmonies of heaven and earth,
Through eye, ear, intellect, give birth
To joys too exquisite to last,
—And yet *more* exquisite when past!
When the soul summons by a spell
The ghosts of pleasures round her cell,
In saintlier forms than erst they wore,
And smiles benigner than before;
Each loved, lamented scene renews
With warmer touches, tenderer hues;
Recalls kind words for ever flown,
But echoing in a soften'd tone;
Wakes, with new pulses in the breast,
Feelings forgotten or at rest;
—The thought how fugitive and fair,
How dear and precious such things were!

That thought, with gladness more refined,
Deep and transporting, thrills the mind,
Than all those pleasures of an hour,
When most the soul confess'd their power.
Bliss in possession will not last;
Remember'd joys are never past;
At once the fountain, stream, and sea,
They were, — they are, — they yet shall be.

ABDALLAH AND SABAT. (*a*)

[Originally published with "*Abdallah, or the Christian Martyr*," by THOMAS FOSTER BARHAM, Esq.]

FROM West Arabia to Bochara came
A noble youth; Abdallah was his name;
Who journey'd thro' the various East to find
New forms of man, in feature, habit, mind;
Where Tartar-hordes thro' nature's pastures run,
A race of Centaurs,—horse and rider one;
Where the soft Persian maid the breath inhales
Of love-sick roses, woo'd by nightingales;
Where India's grim array of Idols seem
The rabble-phantoms of a maniac's dream:

(*a*) See Buchanan's *Christian Researches in India* for the martyrdom of Abdallah, and the conversion and labours of Sabat.

The Christian Observer, February 1818, contains the account of Sabat's dreadful fate.

—Himself the flowery path of trespass trod,
Which the false prophet deck'd to lure from God.
But He, who changed, into the faith of Paul,
The slaughter-breathing enmity of Saul,
Vouchsafed to meet Abdallah by the way;
No miracle of light eclipsed the day;
No vision from the' eternal world, nor sound
Of awe and wonder smote him to the ground;
All mild and calm, with power till then unknown,
The gospel-glory thro' his darkness shone;
A still small whisper, only heard within,
Convinced the trembling penitent of sin;
And Jesus, whom the Infidel abhorr'd,
The Convert now invoked, and call'd him Lord.
Escaping from the lewd Impostor's snare,
As flits a bird released thro' boundless air,
And soaring up the pure blue ether sings:
— So rose his Spirit on exulting wings.
But love, joy, peace, the Christian's bliss below,
Are deeply mingled in a cup of woe,

Which none can pass:—he counting all things loss
For his Redeemer, gladly bore the cross;
Soon call'd, with life, to lay that burthen down,
In the first fight he won the Martyr's crown.

Abdallah's friend was Sabat;—one of those
Whom love estranged transforms to bitterest foes;
From persecution to that friend he fled,
But Sabat pour'd reproaches on his head,
Spurn'd like a leprous plague the prostrate youth,
And hated him as falsehood hates the truth;
Yet first with sophistry and menace tried
To turn him from "the faithful word" aside;
All failing, old esteem to rancour turn'd,
With Mahomet's own reckless rage he burn'd.
A thousand hideous thoughts, like fiends, possess'd
The Pandemonium of the Bigot's breast,
Whose fires, enkindled from the infernal lake,
Abdallah's veins, unsluiced, alone could slake.

The Victim, dragg'd to slaughter by his friend,
Witness'd a good confession to the end.

Bochara pour'd her people forth, to gaze
Upon the direst scene the world displays,
The blood of innocence by treason spilt,
The reeking triumph of deep-branded guilt:
—Bochara pour'd her people forth, to eye
The loveliest spectacle beneath the sky,
The look with which a Martyr yields his breath,
—The Resurrection of the soul in death.
" Renounce the Nazarene!" the headsman cries,
And flash'd the unstain'd falchion in his eyes:
" No!—be his name by heaven and earth adored!"
He said, and gave his righ thand to the sword:
" Renounce Him, who forsakes thee thus bereft;"
He wept, but spake not, and resign'd his left.
" Renounce Him now, who will not, cannot save;"
He kneel'd, like Stephen, look'd beyond the grave,
And while the dawn of heaven around him broke
Bow'd his meek head to the dissevering stroke.
Out-cast on earth a mangled body lay;
A Spirit enter'd Paradise that day.

But where is Sabat?—Conscience-struck he stands,
With eye of agony, and fast-lock'd hands:
Abdallah, in the moment to depart,
Had turn'd, and look'd the traitor thro' the heart:
It smote him like a judgment from above,
That gentle look of wrong'd, forgiving love!
Then hatred vanish'd; suddenly repress'd
Were the strange flames of passion in his breast;
Nought but the smouldering ashes of despair,
Blackness of darkness, death of death, were there.
'Ere long wild whirlwinds of remorse arise;
He flies—from all except himself he flies,
And a low voice for ever thrilling near,
The voice of blood which none but he can hear.
He fled from guilt, but guilt and he were one,
A Spirit seeking rest and finding none;
Visions of horror haunted him by night,
Yet darkness was less terrible than light;
From dreams of woe when startled nature broke,
To woes that were not dreams the wretch awoke.

Forlorn he ranged thro' India; till the Power,
That met Abdallah in a happier hour,
Arrested Sabat; thro' his soul he felt
The word of truth; his heart began to melt,
And yielded slowly, as cold Winter yields
When the warm Spring comes flushing o'er the fields,
Then first a tear of gladness swell'd his eye,
Then first his bosom heaved a healthful sigh;
That bosom parch'd as Afric's desert-land,
That eye a flint-stone in the burning sand.
—Peace, pardon, hope, eternal joy, reveal'd,
Humbled his heart; before the cross he kneel'd,
Look'd up to Him whom once he pierced, and bore
The name of Christ which he blasphemed before.
—Was Sabat then subdued by love or fear?
And who shall vouch that he was not sincere?
Now with a Convert's zeal his ardent mind
Glow'd for the common weal of all mankind;
Yet with intenser faith the' Arabian pray'd,
When homeward thought thro' childhood's Eden
stray'd,

— There in the lap of Yemen's happiest vale,
The shepherds' tents are waving to the gale;
The Patriarch of their tribe, his sire, he sees
Beneath the shadow of ambrosial trees;
His Sisters, from the fountain in the rock,
Pour the cool sparkling water to their flock;
His brethren, rapt on steeds and camels, roam
O'er wild and mountain, all the land their home:
— Thither he long'd to send that book, unseal'd,
Whose words are life, whose leaves his wounds had
heal'd;
That Ishmael, living by his sword and bow,
Might thus again the God of Abraham know;
And Meccan Pilgrims to Caäba's shrine,
Like locusts marching in perpetual line,
Might quit the broad, to chuse the narrow path,
That leads to glory, and reclaims from wrath.
Fired with the hope to bless his native soil,
Years roll'd unfelt, in consecrated toil,

To mould the truths which holy writers teach
In the loved accents of his mother's speech;
While like the sun, that always to the west
Leads the bright day, his fervent spirit press'd,
Thither a purer light from heaven to dart,
— The only light that reaches to the heart,
Whose deserts blossom where its beams are shed,
The blind behold them, and they raise the dead.
Nor by Arabia were his labours bound,
To Persian lips he taught "the joyful sound."
Would he had held unchanged that high career!
— But Sabat fell like lightning from his sphere:
Once with the morning stars God's works he sung;
Anon a Serpent, with envenom'd tongue,
Like that apostate fiend who tempted Eve,
Gifted with speech, — he spake but to deceive.
Let pity o'er his errors cast a veil!
Haste to the sequel of his tragic tale.
Sabat became a vagabond on earth;
— He chose the Sinner's way, the Scorner's mirth;

Now feign'd contrition with obdurate tears,
Then wore a bravery that betray'd his fears;
With oaths and curses now his Lord denied,
And strangled guilty shame with desperate pride;
While inly-rack'd he proved what culprits feel,
When conscience breaks remembrance on the wheel:
At length an out-law thro' the orient isles,
Snared in the subtlety of his own wiles,
He perish'd in an unexpected hour,
To glut the vengeance of barbarian power;
With sackcloth shrouded, to a millstone bound,
And in the abysses of the ocean drown'd.
— Oh! what a plunge into the dark was there!
How ended life?—In blasphemy or prayer?
The winds are fled that heard his parting cry,
The waves that stifled it make no reply.
When, at the resurrection of the Just,
Earth shall yield back Abdallah from the dust,
The sea, like rising clouds, give up its dead,
Then from the deep shall Sabat lift his head.

With waking millions round the judgement-seat,
Once, and but once again, those twain shall meet,
To part for ever,— or to part no more:
— But who the eternal secret shall explore,
When Justice seals the gates of heaven and hell?
The rest — that day, that day alone, will tell.

TO BRITAIN.

The following Address was the concluding Part of a Poem, entitled "THOUGHTS ON WHEELS," *annexed to a Work, written by a friend of the Author, to expose the evils of the* STATE LOTTERY. (a)

I LOVE Thee, O my native Isle!
Dear as my mother's earliest smile;
Sweet as my father's voice to me
Is all I hear, and all I see,
When, glancing o'er thy beauteous land,
In view thy *Public Virtues* stand,
The guardian angels of thy coast,
Who watch the dear *domestic Host*,

(a) The STATE LOTTERY, A Dream; by Samuel Roberts: — Also, THOUGHTS ON WHEELS, a Poem, in Five Parts, by J. M.

The *Heart's Affections*, pleased to roam
Around the quiet heaven of home.
I love Thee, — when I mark thy soil
Flourish beneath the peasant's toil,
And from its lap of verdure throw
Treasures which neither Indies know.
I love Thee, — when I hear around
Thy looms, and wheels, and anvils sound,
Thine engines heaving all their force,
Thy waters labouring on their course,
And arts, and industry, and wealth
Exulting in the joys of health.
I love Thee, — when I trace thy tale
To the dim point where records fail;
Thy deeds of old renown inspire
My bosom with our fathers' fire;
A proud inheritance I claim
In all their sufferings, all their fame;
Nor less delighted when I stray
Down history's lengthening, widening way,

And hail Thee in thy present hour,
From the meridian arch of power,
Shedding the lustre of thy reign,
Like sunshine, over land and main.

I love Thee,—when I read the lays
Of British bards in elder days,
Till, rapt on visionary wings,
High o'er thy cliffs my spirit sings;
For I, among thy living choir,
I, too, can touch the sacred lyre.

I love Thee,—when I contemplate
The full-orb'd grandeur of thy state;
Thy laws and liberties, that rise,
Man's noblest works beneath the skies,
To which the pyramids were tame,
And Grecian temples bow their fame:
These, thine immortal sages wrought
Out of the deepest mines of thought;
These, on the scaffold, in the field,
Thy warriors won, thy patriots seal'd;

These, at the parricidal pyre,
Thy martyrs sanctified in fire,
And, with the generous blood they spilt,
Wash'd from thy soil their murderers' guilt,
Cancell'd the curse which vengeance sped,
And left a blessing in its stead.
—Can words, can numbers count the price,
Paid for this little paradise?
Never, oh! never be it lost;
The land is *worth* the price it cost.

I love Thee,—when thy Sabbath dawns
O'er woods and mountains, dales and lawns,
And streams, that sparkle while they run,
As if their fountain were the sun:
When, hand in hand, thy tribes repair,
Each to their chosen house of prayer,
And all in peace and freedom call
On Him, who is the Lord of all.

I love Thee,—when my soul can feel
The seraph-ardours of thy zeal:

Thy charities, to none confined,
Bless, like the sun, the rain, the wind;
Thy schools the human brute shall raise,
Guide erring youth in wisdom's ways,
And leave, when we are turn'd to dust,
A generation of the just.

I love Thee,—when I see Thee stand
The hope of every other land;
A sea-mark in the tide of time,
Rearing to heaven thy brow sublime;
Whence beams of gospel-splendour shed
A sacred halo round thine head;
And gentiles from afar behold,
(Not as on Sinai's rocks of old,)
GOD,—from eternity conceal'd,—
In his own light, on Thee reveal'd.

I love Thee,—when I hear thy voice
Bid a despairing world rejoice,
And loud from shore to shore proclaim,
In every tongue, Messiah's name;

That name, at which, from sea to sea,
All nations *yet* shall bow the knee.
I love Thee: — next to heaven above,
Land of my fathers! Thee I love;
And, rail thy slanderers as they will,
"With all thy faults I love Thee" still:
For faults Thou hast, of heinous size;
Repent, renounce them, ere they rise
In judgement; — lest thine ocean-wall
With boundless ruin round Thee fall,
And that, which was thy mightiest stay,
Sweep all thy rocks like sand away.
Yes, Thou hast faults of heinous size,
From which I turn with weeping eyes;
On these let them that hate Thee dwell:
Yet *one* I spare not, — *one* I tell,
Tell with a whisper in thine ear;
Oh! might it wring thine heart with fear!
Oh! that my weakest word might roll,
Like heaven's own thunder, through thy soul!

There is a *Lie* in thy right hand:
A *Bribe*, corrupting all the land;
There is within thy gates a pest,
— *Gold* and a *Babylonish vest;*
Not hid in shame-concealing shade,
But broad against the sun display'd.
These, — tell it not, — it *must* be told:
These from thy LOTTERY-WHEELS are sold;
Sold, — and thy children, train'd to sin,
Hazard both worlds these plagues to win;
Nay, thy deluded statesmen stake
Thyself, — and lose Thee for their sake!
Lose Thee? — They shall not; — He, whose will
Is Nature's law, preserves Thee still;
And while the' uplifted bolt impends,
One warning more his mercy sends.
O BRITAIN! O my country! bring
Forth from thy camp the' accursed thing;
Consign it to remorseless fire,
Watch till the latest spark expire,

Then cast the ashes on the wind,
Nor leave one atom-wreck behind.
So may thy wealth and power increase,
So may thy people dwell in peace;
On Thee the' ALMIGHTY's glory rest,
And all the world in Thee be blest.

FINIS.

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PREFACE.

In the following Imitations of portions of the true "*Songs of Zion*," the author pretends not to have succeeded better than any that have gone before him; but, having followed in the track of none, he would venture to hope, that, by avoiding the rugged literality of some, and the diffusive paraphrases of others, he may, in a few instances, have approached nearer than either of them have generally done, to the ideal model of what devotional poems, in a modern tongue, grounded upon the subjects of ancient psalms, yet suited for Christian edification, ought to be. Beyond this he dare not say more than

that whatever symptoms of feebleness or bad taste may be betrayed in the execution of these pieces, he offers not to the public the premature fruits of idleness or haste. So far as he recollects, he has endeavoured to do his best, and, in doing so, he has never hesitated to sacrifice ambitious ornament to simplicity, clearness and force of thought and expression. If, in the event, it shall be found that he has added a little to the small national stock of "psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs," in which piety speaks the language of poetry, and poetry the language of inspiration, he trusts that he will be humbly contented and unfeignedly thankful.

Sheffield, May 21. 1822.

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SONGS OF ZION.

PSALM I.

THRICE happy he, who shuns the way
That leads ungodly men astray;
Who fears to stand where sinners meet,
Nor with the scorner takes his seat.

The law of God is his delight;
That cloud by day, that fire by night,
Shall be his comfort in distress,
And guide him through the wilderness.

His works shall prosper ; — he shall be
A fruitful, fair, unwithering tree,
That, planted where the river flows,
Nor drought, nor frost, nor mildew knows.

Not so the wicked ; — they are cast
Like chaff upon the eddying blast ;
In judgement they shall quake for dread,
Nor with the righteous lift their head.

For God hath spied their secret path,
And they shall perish in his wrath ;
He too hath mark'd his people's road,
And brings them to his own abode.

PSALM III.

THE Tempter to my soul hath said,
"There is no help in God for thee:"
Lord, lift thou up thy servant's head,
My glory, shield, and solace be.

Thus to the Lord I raised my cry;
He heard me from his holy hill;
At his command the waves roll'd by;
He beckon'd, and the winds were still.

I laid me down and slept; — I woke;
Thou, Lord, my spirit didst sustain;
Bright from the east the morning broke,
Thy comforts rose on me again.

4

I will not fear, though armed throngs
Compass my steps, in all their wrath;
Salvation to the Lord belongs;
His presence guards his people's path.

PSALM IV.

No. 1.

How long, ye sons of men, will ye
The servant of the Lord despise,
Delight yourselves with vanity,
And trust in refuges of lies?

Know that the Lord hath set apart
The godly man in every age:
He loves a meek and lowly heart;
His people are his heritage.

Then stand in awe, nor dare to sin;
Commune with your own heart; be still;
The Lord requireth truth within,
The sacrifice of mind and will.

PSALM IV.

No. 2.

WHILE many cry, in Nature's night,
Ah! who will show the way to bliss?
Lord, lift on us thy saving light;
We seek no other guide than this.

Gladness thy sacred presence brings,
More than the joyful reaper knows;
Or he who treads the grapes, and sings,
While with new wine his vat o'erflows.

In peace I lay me down to sleep;
Thine arm, O Lord, shall stay my head,
Thine angel spread his tent, and keep
His midnight watch around my bed.

PSALM VIII.

O LORD, our King, how excellent,
Thy name on earth is known!
Thy glory in the firmament
How wonderfully shown!

Yet are the humble dear to Thee;
Thy praises are confest
By infants lisping on the knee,
And sucklings at the breast.

When I behold the heavens on high,
The work of thy right hand;
The moon and stars amid the sky,
Thy lights in every land:—

Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst deign
On him to set thy love,
Give him on earth awhile to reign,
Then fill a throne above?

O Lord, how excellent thy name!
How manifold thy ways!
Let Time, thy saving truth proclaim,
Eternity thy praise.

PSALM XI.

THE Lord is in his holy place,
And from his throne on high
He looks upon the human race
With omnipresent eye.

He proves the righteous, marks their path;
In Him the weak are strong;
But violence provokes his wrath,
The Lord abhorreth wrong.

God on the wicked will rain down
Brimstone, and fire, and snares;
The gloom and tempest of his frown
— This portion shall be theirs.

The righteous Lord will take delight
  Alone in righteousness;
The just are pleasing in his sight,
  The humble He will bless.

PSALM XIX.

No. 1.

THY glory, Lord, the heavens declare,
The firmament displays thy skill;
The changing clouds, the viewless air,
Tempest and calm thy word fulfil;
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy knowledge teach.

Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
Well-known the language of their song,
When one by one the stars appear,
Led by the silent moon along,
Till round the earth, from all the sky,
Thy beauty beams on every eye.

Waked by thy touch, the morning sun
  Comes like a bridegroom from his bower,
And, like a giant, glad to run
  His bright career with speed and power;
— Thy flaming messenger, to dart
Life through the depth of Nature's heart.

While these transporting visions shine
  Along the path of Providence,
Glory eternal, joy divine,
  Thy word reveals, transcending sense;
— My soul thy goodness longs to see,
Thy love to man, thy love to me.

PSALM XIX.

No. 2.

Thy law is perfect, Lord of light,
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandment pure.

Holy, inviolate thy fear,
Enduring as thy throne;
Thy judgements, chastening or severe,
Justice and truth alone.

More prized than gold, — than gold whose waste
Refining fire expels;
Sweeter than honey to my taste,
Than honey from the cells.

Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to mine eyes.

By these may I be warn'd betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord save me from presumptuous crimes,
Cleanse me from secret sin.

So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O Lord, my strength and righteousness!
With thee acceptance find.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppprest.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of thy Providence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek, — by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, — thy kingdom of love.

PSALM XXIV.

No. 1.

THE earth is thine, Jehovah; — thine
Its peopled realms and wealthy stores;
Built on the flood, by power divine,
The waves are ramparts to the shores.

But who shall reach thine holy place,
Or who, O Lord, ascend thine hill?
The pure in heart shall see thy face,
The perfect man that doth thy will.

He who to bribes hath closed his hand,
To idols never bent the knee,
Nor sworn in falsehood, — He shall stand
Redeem'd, and own'd, and kept by Thee.

PSALM XXIV.

No 2.

LIFT up your heads, ye gates, and wide
Your everlasting doors display;
Ye angel-guards, like flames divide,
And give the King of Glory way.

Who is the King of Glory? — He,
The Lord Omnipotent to save,
Whose own right-arm in victory
Led captive death, and spoil'd the grave.

Lift up your heads, ye gates, and high
Your everlasting portals heave;
Welcome the King of Glory nigh;
Him let the heaven of heavens receive.

Who is the King of Glory? — Who?
The Lord of Hosts; — behold his name;
The kingdom, power and honour due
Yield Him, ye saints, with glad acclaim.

PSALM XXVII.

No. 1.

God is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right-hand?

Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;

His might thine heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
— The Lord will give thee peace.

PSALM XXVII.

No. 2.

One thing, with all my soul's desire,
I sought and will pursue;
What thine own Spirit doth inspire,
Lord, for thy servant do.

Grant me within thy courts a place,
Among thy saints a seat,
For ever to behold thy face,
And worship at thy feet: —

In thy pavilion to abide,
When storms of trouble blow,
And in thy tabernacle hide,
Secure from every foe.

" Seek ye my face ;" — without delay,
When thus I hear Thee speak,
My heart would leap for joy, and say,
" Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

Then leave me not when griefs assail,
And earthly comforts flee ;
When father, mother, kindred fail,
My God, remember me.

Oft had I fainted, and resign'd
Of every hope my hold,
But mine afflictions brought to mind
Thy benefits of old.

Wait on the Lord, with courage wait ;
My soul, disdain to fear ;
The righteous Judge is at the gate,
And thy redemption near.

PSALM XXIX.

GIVE glory to God in the highest: give praise,
Ye noble, ye mighty, with joyful accord;
All-wise are his counsels, all-perfect his ways:
In the beauty of holiness worship the Lord.

The voice of the Lord on the ocean is known,
The God of eternity thundereth abroad;
The voice of the Lord, from the depth of his throne,
Is terror and power;—all nature is awed.

At the voice of the Lord the cedars are bow'd,
And towers from their base into ruin are hurl'd;
The voice of the Lord, from the dark-bosom'd cloud,
Dissevers the lightning in flames o'er the world.

See Lebanon bound, like the kid on his rocks,
And wild as the unicorn Sirion appear;
The wilderness quakes with the resonant shocks;
The hinds cast their young in the travail of fear.

The voice of the Lord through the calm of the wood
Awakens its echoes, strikes light through its caves;
The Lord sitteth King on the turbulent flood;
The winds are his servants, his servants the waves.

The Lord is the strength of his people; the Lord
Gives health to his people, and peace evermore;
Then throng to his temple, his glory record,
But, O! when He speaketh, in silence adore.

PSALM XXX.

YEA, I will extol Thee,
Lord of life and light,
For thine arm upheld me,
Turn'd my foes to flight:
I implored thy succour,
Thou wert swift to save,
Heal my wounded spirit,
Bring me from the grave.

Sing, ye saints, sing praises,
Call his love to mind,
For a moment angry,
But for ever kind;

Grief may, like a pilgrim,
Through the night sojourn,
Yet shall joy to-morrow
With the sun return.

In my wealth I vaunted,
"Nought shall move me hence;"
Thou hadst made my mountain
Strong in thy defence:
— Then thy face was hidden,
Trouble laid me low,
"Lord," I cried, most humbly,
"Why forsake me so?

"Would my blood appease Thee,
In atonement shed?
Can the dust give glory, —
Praise employ the dead?

Hear me, Lord, in mercy;
God, my helper, hear:"
—Long Thou didst not tarry,
Help and health were near.

Thou hast turn'd my mourning
Into minstrelsy,
Girded me with gladness,
Set from thraldrom free:
Thee my ransom'd powers
Henceforth shall adore,—
Thee, my great Deliverer,
Bless for evermore.

PSALM XXXIX.

LORD, let me know mine end,
My days, how brief their date,
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

My life is but a span,
Mine age as nought with Thee;
Man, in his highest honour, man
Is dust and vanity.

A shadow even in health,
Disquieted with pride,
Or rack'd with care, he heaps up wealth
Which unknown heirs divide.

What seek I now, O Lord?
My hope is in thy name;
Blot out my sins from thy record,
Nor give me up to shame.

Dumb at thy feet I lie,
For Thou hast brought me low;
Remove thy judgments, lest I die;
I faint beneath thy blow.

At thy rebuke, the bloom
Of man's vain beauty flies;
And grief shall, like a moth, consume
All that delights our eyes.

Have pity on my fears,
Hearken to my request,
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.

A stranger, Lord, with Thee,
I walk on pilgrimage,
Where all my fathers once, like me,
Sojourn'd from age to age.

O spare me yet, I pray;
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summon'd hence away,
And seen on earth no more.

PSALM XLII.

No. 1.

As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for Thee,
Pants the living God to see;
When, O when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to Thee draw near?

Tears my food by night, by day
Grief consumes my strength away;
While his craft the Tempter plies,
"Where is now thy God?" he cries;
This would sink me to despair,
But I pour my soul in prayer.

For in happier times I went,
Where the multitude frequent;
I, with them, was wont to bring
Homage to thy courts, my King;
I, with them, was wont to raise
Festal hymns on holy days.

Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole:
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head;
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

PSALM XLII.

No. 2.

HEARKEN, Lord, to my complaints,
For my soul within me faints;
Thee, far off, I call to mind,
In the land I left behind,
Where the streams of Jordan flow,
Where the heights of Hermon glow.

Tempest-tost, my failing bark
Founders on the ocean dark;
Deep to deep around me calls,
With the rush of water-falls;
While I plunge to lower caves,
Overwhelm'd by all thy waves.

Once the morning's earliest light
Brought thy mercy to my sight,
And my wakeful song was heard
Later than the evening bird;
Hast thou all my prayers forgot?
Dost Thou scorn, or hear them not?

Why, my soul, art thou perplex'd?
Why with faithless trouble vex'd?
Hope in God, whose saving name
Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,
When his countenance shall shine
Through the clouds that darken thine.

PSALM LXIII.

[Continuation of PSALM XLII.]

No. 3.

JUDGE me, Lord, in righteousness;
Plead for me in my distress;
Good and merciful Thou art,
Bind this bleeding broken heart;
Cast me not despairing hence,
Be thy love my confidence.

Send thy light and truth to guide
Me, too prone to turn aside,
On thy holy hill to rest,
In thy tabernacles blest;
There, to God, my chiefest joy,
Praise shall all my powers employ.

Why, my soul, art thou dismay'd?
Why of earth or hell afraid?
Trust in God;—disdain to yield,
While o'er thee He casts his shield,
And his countenance divine
Sheds the light of Heaven on thine.

PSALM XLVI.

No. 1.

God is our refuge and defence,
In trouble our unfailing aid;
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our soul afraid?

Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurl'd,
His people smile amid the shock,
They look beyond this transient world.

There is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains;
Where, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.

Built by the word of his command,
With his unclouded presence blest,
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand;
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

Thither let fervent faith aspire;
Our treasure and our heart be there;
O for a seraph's wing of fire!
No, — on the mightier wings of prayer, —

We reach at once that last retreat,
And, ranged among the ransom'd throng,
Fall with the Elders at *his* feet,
Whose name alone inspires their song.

Ah, soon, how soon! our spirits droop;
Unwont the air of Heaven to breathe:
Yet God in very deed will stoop,
And dwell Himself with men beneath.

Come to thy living temples, then,
As in the ancient times appear;
Let earth be paradise again,
And man, O God, thine image here.

PSALM XLVI.

No. 2.

COME and behold the works of God,
What desolations He will make;
In vengeance when He wields his rod,
The heathen rage, their kingdoms quake:
He utters forth his voice; — 'tis felt;
Like wax the world's foundations melt;
The Lord of hosts is in the field,
The God of Jacob is our shield.

Again He maketh wars to cease,
He breaks the bow, unpoints the spear,
And burns the chariot; — joy and peace
In all his glorious march appear:

Silence, O Earth! thy Maker own;
Ye Gentiles, He is God alone;
The Lord of hosts is in the field,
The God of Jacob is our shield.

PSALM XLVII.

Extol the Lord, the Lord most high,
King over all the earth;
Exalt his triumphs to the sky
In songs of sacred mirth.

Where'er the sea-ward rivers run,
His banner shall advance,
And every realm beneath the sun
Be his inheritance.

God is gone up with loud acclaim,
And trumpets' tuneful voice;
Sing praise, sing praises to his name;
Sing praises, and rejoice.

Sing praises to our God; sing praise
To every creature's King;
His wondrous works, his glorious ways,
All tongues, all kindred sing.

God sits upon his holy throne,
God o'er the heathen reigns;
His truth through all the world is known,
That truth his throne sustains.

Princes around his footstool throng,
Kings in the dust adore;
Earth and her shields to God belong;
Sing praises evermore.

PSALM XLVIII.

JEHOVAH is great, and great be his praise;
In the city of God He is King;
Proclaim ye his triumphs in jubilant lays,
On the mount of his holiness sing.

The joy of the earth, from her beautiful height,
Is Zion's impregnable hill;
The Lord in her temple still taketh delight,
God reigns in her palaces still.

At the sight of her splendour, the kings of the earth
Grew pale with amazement and dread;
Fear seized them like pangs of a premature birth;
They came, they beheld her, and fled.

Thou breakest the ships from the sea-circled climes,
When the storm of thy jealousy lowers;
As our fathers have told of thy deeds, in their times,
So, Lord, have we witness'd in ours.

In the midst of thy temple, O God, hath our mind
Remember'd thy mercy of old;
Let thy name, like thy praise, to no realm be confined;
Thy power may all nations behold.

Let the daughters of Judah be glad for thy love,
The mountain of Zion rejoice,
For Thou wilt establish her seat from above,
— Wilt make her the throne of thy choice.

Go, walk about Zion, and measure the length,
Her walls and her bulwarks mark well;
Contemplate her palaces, glorious in strength,
Her towers and their pinnacles tell.

Then say to your children: — Our strong hold is tried;
This God is our God to the end;
His people for ever his counsels shall guide,
His arm shall for ever defend.

PSALM LI.

HAVE mercy on me, O my God,
In loving-kindness hear my prayer;
Withdraw the terror of thy rod;
Lord, in thy tender mercy spare.

Offences rise where'er I look;
But I confess their guilt to Thee:
Blot my transgressions from thy book,
Cleanse me from mine iniquity.

Whither from vengeance can I run?
Just are thy judgments, Lord, and right;
For all the evil I have done,
I did it only in thy sight.

Shapen in frailty, born in sin,
From error how shall I depart?
Lo, thou requirest truth within;
Lord, write thy truth upon my heart.

Me through the blood of sprinkling make
Pure from defilement, white as snow;
Heal me for my Redeemer's sake;
Then joy and gladness I shall know.

A perfect heart in me create,
Renew my soul in innocence;
Cast not the suppliant from thy gate,
Nor take thine holy spirit hence.

Thy consolations, as of old,
Now to my troubled mind restore;
By thy free Spirit's might uphold
And guide my steps, to fall no more.

Then sinners will I teach thy ways,
And rebels to thy sceptre bring;
— Open my lips, O God, in praise,
So shall my mouth thy goodness sing.

Not streaming blood, nor purging fire
Thy righteous anger can appease;
Burnt-offerings thou dost not require,
Or gladly I would render these.

The broken heart in sacrifice,
Alone may thine acceptance meet;
My heart, O God, do not despise,
Broken and contrite, at thy feet.

PSALM LXIII.

O God, Thou art my God alone,
  Early to Thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
  A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

O that it were as it hath been,
  When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
  And mark'd the footsteps of thy grace.

Yet through this rough and thorny maze,
  I follow hard on thee, my God;
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways,
  I safely tread where Thou hast trod.

Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with Thee?

Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

PSALM LXIX.

GOD, be merciful to me,
For my spirit trusts in Thee,
And to Thee her refuge springs;
Be the shadow of thy wings
Round the trembling sinner cast,
Till the storm is overpast.

From the water-floods that roll
Deep and deeper round my soul,
Me, thine arm almighty take,
For thy loving kindness' sake;
If thy truth from me depart,
Thy rebuke would break my heart.

Foes increase, they close me round,
Friend nor comforter is found;
Sore temptations now assail,
Hope, and strength, and courage fail;
Turn not from thy servant's grief,
Hasten, Lord, to my relief.

Poor and sorrowful am I;
Set me, O my God, on high;
Wonders Thou for me hast wrought;
Nigh to death my soul is brought;
Save me, Lord, in mercy save,
Lest I sink below the grave.

PSALM LXX.

HASTEN, Lord, to my release,
Haste to help me, O my God!
Foes, like armed bands, increase;
Turn them back the way they trod.

Dark temptations round me press,
Evil thoughts my soul assail;
Doubts and fears, in my distress,
Rise, till flesh and spirit fail.

Those that seek Thee shall rejoice;
I am bow'd with misery;
Yet I make thy law my choice;
Turn, my God, and look on me.

Thou mine only Helper art,
My Redeemer from the grave;
Strength of my desiring heart,
Do not tarry, haste to save.

PSALM LXXI.

LORD, I have put my trust in Thee,
Turn not my confidence to shame;
Thy promise is a rock to me,
A tower of refuge is thy name.

Thou hast upheld me from the womb;
Thou wert my strength and hope in youth;
Now, trembling, bending o'er the tomb,
I lean upon thine arm of truth.

Though I have long outlived my peers,
And stand amid the world alone,
(A stranger, left by former years,)
I know my God, — by Him am known.

Cast me not off in mine old age,
Forsake me not in my last hour;
The foe hath not foregone his rage,
The lion ravens to devour.

Not far, my God, not far remove:
Sin and the world still spread their snares;
Stand by me now, or they will prove
Too crafty yet for my grey hairs.

Me, through what troubles hast Thou brought!
Me, with what consolations crown'd!
Now be thy last deliverance wrought;
My soul in peace with Thee be found!

PSALM LXXII.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;

To give them songs for sighing,
  Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
  Were precious in his sight.

By such shall He be fe?red,
  While sun and moon endure,
Belov'd, obey'd, revered;
  For He shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
  With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
  Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down, like showers
  Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
  Spring in his path to birth:

Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace the herald go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger,
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;

For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest;

The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is — Love.

PSALM LXXIII.

Truly the Lord is good to those,
The pure in heart, who love his name;
But as for me, temptation rose,
And well-nigh cast me down to shame.

For I was envious at their state,
When I beheld the wicked rise,
And flourish in their pride elate,
No fear of death before their eyes.

Not troubled they, as others are,
Nor plagued, with all their vain pretence;
Pride like a chain of gold they wear,
And clothe themselves with violence.

Swoln are their eyes with wine and lust,
For more than heart can wish have they;
In fraud and tyranny they trust
To make the multitude their prey.

Their mouth assails the heavens; their tongue
Walks arrogantly through the earth;
Pleasure's full cups to them are wrung;
They reel in revelry and mirth.

"Who is the Lord, that we should fear,
Lest He our dark devices know?
Who the Most High, that He should hear,
Or heed, the words of men below?"

Thus cry the mockers, flush'd with health,
Exulting while their joys increase;
These are the ungodly; — men, whose wealth
Flows like a river, ne'er to cease.

And have I cleans'd my heart in vain,
And wash'd in innocence my hands?
All day afflicted, I complain,
All night I mourn in straitening bands.

Too painful this for me to view,
Till to thy temple, Lord, I went,
And then their fearful end I knew,
How suddenly their light is spent.

Surely in slippery places set,
Down to perdition these are hurl'd;
Snared in the toils of their own net,
A spectacle to all the world.

As, from a dream when one awakes,
The phantoms of the brain take flight;
So, when thy wrath in thunder breaks,
Their image shall dissolve in night.

Abash'd, my folly then I saw;
I seem'd before Thee like a brute;
Smit to the heart, o'erwhelm'd with awe,
I bow'd, and worshipp'd, and was mute.

Yet Thou art ever at my side:
O, still uphold me, and defend;
Me by thy counsel Thou shalt guide,
And bring to glory in the end.

Whom have I, Lord, in heaven but Thee?
On earth shall none divide my heart;
Then fail my flesh, my spirit flee,
Thou mine eternal portion art.

PSALM LXXVII.

In time of tribulation,
  Hear, Lord, my feeble cries;
With humble supplication,
  To Thee my spirit flies;
My heart with grief is breaking,
  Scarce can my voice complain;
Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,
  Still watch and weep in vain.

The days of old, in vision,
  Bring vanish'd bliss to view;
The years of lost fruition
  Their joys in pangs renew:

Remember'd songs of gladness,
Through night's lone silence brought,
Strike notes of deeper sadness,
And stir desponding thought.

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Hath God cast off for ever?
Can time his truth impair?
His tender mercy, never
Shall I presume to share?
Hath He, his loving kindness
Shut up in endless wrath?
— No; — this is mine own blindness,
That cannot see his path.

I call to recollection
The years of his right hand;
And, strong in his protection,
Again through faith I stand;

Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder;
Holy are all thy ways;
The secret place of thunder
Shall utter forth thy praise.

Thee, with the tribes assembled,
O God, the billows saw;
They saw Thee, and they trembled,
Turn'd, and stood still, with awe;
The clouds shot hail — they lighten'd;
The earth reel'd to and fro;
Thy fiery pillar brighten'd
The gulf of gloom below.

Thy way is in great waters,
Thy footsteps are not known;
Let Adam's sons and daughters
Confide in Thee alone;

Through the wild sea Thou leddest
Thy chosen flock of yore,
Still on the waves Thou treadest,
And thy redeem'd pass o'er.

PSALM LXXX.

Of old, O God, thine own right hand
A pleasant vine did plant and train;
Above the hills, o'er all the land,
It sought the sun, and drank the rain.

Its boughs like goodly cedars spread,
Forth to the river went the root;
Perennial verdure crown'd its head,
It bore, in every season, fruit.

That vine is desolate and torn,
Its scions in the dust are laid;
Rank o'er the ruin springs the thorn,
The wild boar wallows in the shade.

Lord God of Hosts, thine ear incline,
Change into songs thy people's fears;
Return, and visit this thy vine,
Revive thy work amidst the years.

The plenteous and continual dew
Of thy rich blessing here descend;
So shall thy vine its leaf renew,
Till o'er the earth its branches bend.

Then shall it flourish wide and far,
While realms beneath its shadow rest;
The morning and the evening star
Shall mark its bounds from east to west.

So shall thine enemies be dumb,
Thy banish'd ones no more enslaved,
The fulness of the Gentiles come,
And Israel's youngest born be saved.

PSALM LXXXIV.

How amiable, how fair,
O Lord of Hosts, to me,
Thy tabernacles are!
My flesh cries out for Thee;
My heart and soul, with heaven-ward fire,
To Thee, the living God, aspire.

The sparrow here finds place
To build her little nest;
The swallow's wandering race
Hither return and rest;
Beneath thy roof their young ones cry,
And round thine altar learn to fly.

Thrice-blessed they who dwell
  Within thine house, my God,
Where daily praises swell,
  And still the floor is trod
By those, who in thy presence bow,
By those, whose King and God art Thou.

Through Baca's arid vale,
  As pilgrims when they pass,
The well-springs never fail,
  Fresh rain renews the grass;
From strength to strength they journey still,
Till all appear on Zion's hill.

Lord God of Hosts, give ear,
  A gracious answer yield;
O God of Jacob, hear;
  Behold, O God, our shield;
Look on thine own Anointed One,
And save through thy beloved Son.

Lord, I would rather stand
A keeper at thy gate,
Than on the king's right hand
In tents of worldly state;
One day within thy courts, one day,
Is worth a thousand cast away.

God is a sun of light,
Glory and grace to shed;
God is a shield of might,
To guard the faithful head;
O Lord of Hosts, how happy he,
The man who puts his trust in Thee!

PSALM XC.

LORD, Thou hast been thy people's rest
Through all their generations,
Their refuge when by danger prest,
Their hope in tribulations;
Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth,
Or ever Thou hadst form'd the earth,
Art God from everlasting.

The sons of men return to clay,
When Thou the word hast spoken,
As with a torrent borne away,
Gone like a dream when broken:
A thousand years are, in thy sight,
But as a watch amid the night,
Or yesterday departed.

At morn, we flourish like the grass
With dew and sunbeams lighted,
But ere the cool of evening pass,
The rich array is blighted:
Thus do thy chastisements consume
Youth's tender leaf and beauty's bloom;
We fade at thy displeasure.

Our life is like the transient breath
That tells a mournful story,
Early or late, stopt short by death;
And where is all our glory?
Our days are threescore years and ten,
And if the span be lengthen'd then,
Their strength is toil and sorrow.

Lo, Thou hast set before thine eyes
All our misdeeds and errors;
Our secret sins from darkness rise,
At thine awakening terrors:

Who shall abide the trying hour?
Who knows the thunder of thy power?
We flee unto thy mercy.

Lord, teach us so to mark our days,
That we may prize them duly;
So guide our feet in Wisdom's ways,
That we may love Thee truly:
Return, O Lord, our griefs behold,
And with thy goodness, as of old,
O satisfy us early.

Restore our comforts as our fears,
Our joy as our affliction;
Give to thy church, through changing years,
Increasing benediction;
Thy glorious beauty there reveal,
And with thy perfect image seal
Thy servants and their labours.

PSALM XCI.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismay'd:
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword at noon-day wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence:

Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

Only with thine eye, the anguish
Of the wicked thou shalt see,
When by slow disease they languish,
When they perish suddenly:
Thee, though winds and waves be swelling,
God, thine hope, shall bear through all;
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
Thee no evil shall befall.

He shall charge his angel-legions,
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert-wilds thou sleep;

On the lion vainly roaring,
  On his young, thy foot shall tread,
And, the dragon's den exploring,
  Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

Since, with pure and firm affection,
  Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection,
  He will shield thee from above:
Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
  He will hearken, He will save,
Here for grief reward thee double,
  Crown with life beyond the grave.

PSALM XCIII.

THE Lord is King; — upon his throne,
He sits in garments glorious;
Or girds for war his armour on,
In every field victorious:
The world came forth at his command;
Built on his word, its pillars stand;
They never can be shaken.

The Lord was King ere time began,
His reign is everlasting;
When high the floods in tumult ran,
Their foam to heaven up-casting,
He made the raging waves his path;
— The sea is mighty in its wrath,
But God on high is mightier.

Thy testimonies, Lord, are sure;
  Thy realm fears no commotion,
Firm as the earth, whose shores endure
  The eternal toil of ocean.
And Thou with perfect peace wilt bless
Thy faithful flock; — for holiness
  Becomes thine house for ever.

PSALM XCV.

O COME, let us sing to the Lord,
In God our salvation rejoice;
In psalms of thanksgiving record
His praise, with one spirit, one voice:
For Jehovah is King, and He reigns,
The God of all gods, on his throne;
The strength of the hills He maintains,
The ends of the earth are his own.

The sea is Jehovah's; — He made
The tide its dominion to know;
The land is Jehovah's; — He laid
Its solid foundations below:

O come let us worship, and kneel
Before our Creator, our God;
— The people who serve Him with zeal,
— The flock whom He guides with his rod.

As Moses, the fathers of old,
Through the sea and the wilderness led,
His wonderful works we behold,
With manna from heaven are fed:
To-day, let us hearken, to-day,
To the voice that yet speaks from above,
And all his commandments obey,
For all his commandments are love.

His wrath let us fear to provoke,
To dwell in his favour unite;
His service is freedom, his yoke
Is easy, his burden is light:

But, oh! of rebellion beware,
  Rebellion, that hardens the breast,
Lest God in his anger should swear
  That *we* shall not enter his rest.

PSALM C.

Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
O serve Him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

For Jehovah is God, — and Jehovah alone,
Creator and ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.

O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

PSALM CIII.

O MY soul, with all thy powers,
Bless the Lord's most holy name;
O my soul, till life's last hours,
Bless the Lord, his praise proclaim;
Thine infirmities He heal'd;
He thy peace and pardon seal'd.

He with loving-kindness crown'd thee,
Satisfied thy mouth with good;
From the snares of death unbound thee,
Eagle-like thy youth renew'd:
Rich in tender mercy He,
Slow to wrath, to favour free.

He will not retain displeasure,
Though awhile He hide his face;
Nor his God-like bounty measure
By our merit, but his grace;
As the heaven the earth transcends,
Over us his care extends.

Far as east and west are parted,
He our sins hath sever'd thus;
As a father loving-hearted
Spares his son, He spareth us;
For He knows our feeble frame,
He remembers whence we came.

Mark the field-flower, where it groweth,
Frail and beautiful; — anon,
When the south-wind softly bloweth,
Look again, — the flower is gone;
Such is man; his honours pass,
Like the glory of the grass.

From eternity, enduring
To eternity, — the Lord,
Still his people's bliss insuring,
Keeps his covenanted word;
Yea with truth and righteousness,
Children's children He will bless.

As in heaven, his throne and dwelling,
King on earth He holds his sway;
Angels, ye in strength excelling,
Bless the Lord, his voice obey;
All his works beneath the pole,
Bless the Lord, with thee, my soul.

PSALM CIV.

My soul, adore the Lord of might;
With uncreated glory crown'd,
And clad in royalty of light,
He draws the curtain'd heavens around;
Dark waters his pavilion form,
Clouds are his car, his wheels the storm.

Lightning before Him, and behind
Thunder rebounding to and fro;
He walks upon the winged wind,
And reins the blast, or lets it go:
— This goodly globe his wisdom plann'd,
He fix'd the bounds of sea and land.

When o'er a guilty world, of old,
He summon'd the avenging main,
At his rebuke the billows roll'd
Back to their parent-gulf again;
The mountains raised their joyful heads,
Like new creations, from their beds.

Thenceforth the self-revolving tide
Its daily fall and flow maintains;
Through winding vales fresh fountains glide,
Leap from the hills, or course the plains;
There thirsty cattle throng the brink,
And the wild asses bend to drink.

Fed by the currents, fruitful groves
Expand their leaves, their fragrance fling,
Where the cool breeze at noon-tide roves,
And birds among the branches sing;
Soft fall the showers when day declines,
And sweet the peaceful rainbow shines.

Grass through the meadows, rich with flowers,
God's bounty spreads for herds and flocks:
On Lebanon his cedar towers,
The wild goats bound upon his rocks;
Fowls in his forests build their nests,
— The stork amid the pine-tree rests.

To strengthen man, condemn'd to toil,
He fills with grain the golden ear;
Bids the ripe olive melt with oil,
And swells the grape, man's heart to cheer:
— The moon her tide of changing knows,
Her orb with lustre ebbs and flows.

The sun goes down, the stars come out;
He maketh darkness, and 'tis night;
Then roam the beasts of prey about,
The desert rings with chase and flight:
The lion, and the lion's brood,
Look up, — and God provides them food.

Morn dawns far east; ere long the sun
Warms the glad nations with his beams;
Day, in their dens, the spoilers shun,
And night returns to them in dreams:
Man from his couch to labour goes,
Till evening brings again repose.

How manifold thy works, O Lord,
In wisdom, power, and goodness wrought!
The earth is with thy riches stored,
And ocean with thy wonders fraught:
Unfathom'd caves beneath the deep
For Thee their hidden treasures keep.

There go the ships, with sails unfurl'd,
By Thee directed on their way;
There in his own mysterious world,
Leviathan delights to play;
And tribes that range immensity,
Unknown to man, are known to Thee.

By Thee alone the living live;
Hide but thy face, their comforts fly;
They gather what thy seasons give:
Take Thou away their breath, they die:
Send forth thy Spirit from above,
And all is life again, and love.

Joy in his works Jehovah takes,
Yet to destruction they return;
He looks upon the earth, it quakes,
Touches the mountains, and they burn:
— Thou, God, for ever art the same;
I AM is thine unchanging name.

PSALM CVII.

No. 1.

THANK and praise Jehovah's name,
For his mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity, the same,
To eternity endure.

Let the ransom'd thus rejoice,
Gather'd out of every land,
As the people of his choice:
Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.

In the wilderness astray,
Hither, thither, while they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home:—

Then unto the Lord they cry,
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

To a pleasant land He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where from flowery hills the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

PSALM CVII.

No. 2.

THEY that mourn in dungeon-gloom,
Bound in iron and despair,
Sentenced to a heavier doom
Than the pangs they suffer there; —

Foes and rebels once to God,
They disdain'd his high controul;
Now they feel his fiery rod
Striking terrors through their soul.

Wrung with agony they fall
To the dust, and gazing round,
Call for help; — in vain they call,
Help, nor hope, nor friend are found.

Then unto the Lord they cry,
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

He restores their forfeit-breath,
Breaks in twain the gates of brass;
From the bands and grasp of death,
Forth to liberty they pass.

O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

PSALM CVII.

No. 3.

Fools, for their transgression, see
  Sharp disease their youth consume,
And their beauty, like a tree,
  Withering o'er an early tomb.

Food is loathsome to their taste,
  And the eye revolts from light;
All their joys to ruin haste,
  As the sunset into night.

Then unto the Lord they cry,
  He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
  Rescues them from all their fear.

He with health renews their frame,
Lengthens out their number'd days,
Let them glorify his name
With the sacrifice of praise.

O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

PSALM CVII.

No. 4.

They that toil upon the deep,
And in vessels light and frail,
O'er the mighty waters sweep
With the billow and the gale, —

Mark what wonders God performs,
When He speaks, and, unconfined,
Rush to battle all his storms
In the chariots of the wind.

Up to heaven their bark is whirl'd
On the mountain of the wave ;
Down as suddenly 'tis hurl'd
To the abysses of the grave.

To and fro they reel, they roll,
As intoxicate with wine;
Terrors paralyse their soul,
Helm they quit and hope resign.

Then unto the Lord they cry,
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

Calm and smooth the surges flow,
And, where deadly lightning ran,
God's own reconciling bow
Metes the ocean with a span.

O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

PSALM CVII.

No. 5.

Let the elders praise the Lord,
Him let all the people praise,
When they meet with one accord
In his courts, on holy days.

God for sin will vengeance take,
Smite the earth with sore distress,
And a fruitful region make
As the howling wilderness.

But when mercy stays his hand,
Famine, plague, and death depart;
Yea the rock, at his command,
Pours a river from its heart.

There the hungry dwell in peace,
Cities build, and plough the ground,
While their flocks and herds increase,
And their corn and wine abound.

Should they yet rebel, — his arm
Lays their pride again in dust:
But the poor He shields from harm,
And in Him the righteous trust.

Whoso wisely marks his will,
Thus evolving bliss from woe,
Shall, redeem'd from every ill,
All his loving-kindness know.

PSALM CXIII.

SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

Who is like God? — so great, so high,
He bows Himself to view the sky,
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust,
And saves the poor in Him that trust.

Servants of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

PSALM CXVI.

I LOVE the Lord; — He lent an ear
When I for help implored;
He rescued me from all my fear,
Therefore I love the Lord.

Bound hand and foot with chains of sin,
Death dragg'd me for his prey;
The pit was moved to take me in;
All hope was far away.

I cried in agony of mind,
"Lord, I beseech Thee, save:"
He heard me; — Death his prey resign'd,
And Mercy shut the grave.

Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
From God no longer roam;
His hand hath bountifully blest,
His goodness call'd thee home.

What shall I render unto Thee,
My saviour in distress,
For all thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless?

This will I do, for thy love's sake,
And thus thy power proclaim;
The sacramental cup I'll take,
And call upon thy name.

Thou God of covenanted grace,
Hear and record my vow,
While in thy courts I seek thy face,
And at thine altar bow: —

Henceforth to Thee myself I give;
With single heart and eye,
To walk before Thee while I live,
And bless Thee when I die.

PSALM CXVII.

All ye Gentiles, praise the Lord,
All ye lands, your voices raise:
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, for ever praise.

For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

Praise Him, ye who know his love,
Praise Him from the depths beneath,
Praise Him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

PSALM CXXI.

ENCOMPASS'D with ten thousand ills,
Prest by pursuing foes,
I lift mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence salvation flows.

My help is from the Lord, who made
And governs earth and sky;
I look to his almighty aid,
And ever-watching eye.

He who thy soul in safety keeps
Shall drive destruction hence;
The Lord thy keeper never sleeps;
The Lord is thy defence.

The sun, with his afflictive light,
Shall harm thee not by day;
Nor thee the moon molest by night
Along thy tranquil way.

Thee shall the Lord preserve from sin,
And comfort in distress;
Thy going out and coming in,
The Lord thy God shall bless.

PSALM CXXII.

GLAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
Come — in the house of God appear,
For 'tis an holy day.

Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple-door,
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.

Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy-seat.

Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God;
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode.

Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found;
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!

For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace!

PSALM CXXIV.

THE Lord is on our side, &c.
His people now may say;
The Lord is on our side, — or we
Had fallen a sudden prey.

Sin, Satan, Death, and Hell,
Like fire, against us rose;
Then had the flames consumed us quick,
But God repell'd our foes.

Like water they return'd,
When wildest tempests rave;
Then had the floods gone o'er our head,
But God was there to save.

From jeopardy redeem'd,
As from the lion's wrath,
Mercy and truth uphold our life,
And safety guards our path.

Our soul escaped the toils;
As from the fowler's snare,
The bird, with disentangled wings,
Flits through the boundless air.

Our help is from the Lord;
In Him we will confide,
Who stretch'd the heavens, who form'd the earth:
— The Lord is on our side.

PSALM CXXV.

WHO make the Lord of hosts their tower,
Shall like Mount Zion be,
Immoveable by mortal power,
Built on eternity.

As round about Jerusalem
The guardian mountains stand,
So shall the Lord encompass them
Who hold by his right hand.

The rod of wickedness shall ne'er
Against the just prevail,
Lest innocence should find a snare,
And tempted virtue fail.

Do good, O Lord, do good to those
  Who cleave to Thee in heart,
Who on thy truth alone repose,
  Nor from thy law depart.

While rebel-souls, who turn aside,
  Thine anger shall destroy,
Do Thou in peace thy people guide
  To thine eternal joy.

PSALM CXXVI.

When God from sin's captivity
Sets his afflicted people free,
Lost in amaze, their mercies seem
The transient raptures of a dream.

But soon their ransom'd souls rejoice,
And mirth and music swell their voice,
Till foes confess, nor dare condemn,
"The Lord hath done great things for them."

They catch the strain and answer thus,
"The Lord hath done great things for us,
Whence gladness fills our hearts, and songs,
Sweet and spontaneous, wake our tongues."

Turn our captivity, O Lord,
As southern rivers, at thy word,
Bound from their channels, and restore
Plenty, where all was waste before.

Who sow in tears shall reap in joy;
Nought shall the precious seed destroy,
Nor long the weeping exiles roam,
But bring their sheaves rejoicing home.

PSALM CXXX.

Out of the depths of woe
To Thee, O Lord, I cry;
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That Thou art ever nigh.

Then hearken to my voice,
Give ear to my complaint;
Thou bidst the mourning soul rejoice,
Thou comfortest the faint.

I cast my hope on Thee,
Thou canst, Thou wilt forgive;
Wert Thou to mark iniquity,
Who in Thy sight could live?

Humbly on Thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin;
Lord, I am knocking at thy gate;
Open, and take me in.

Like them, whose longing eyes
Watch, till the morning star
(Though late and seen through tempests) rise
Heaven's portals to unbar: —

Like them I watch and pray,
And though it tarry long,
Catch the first gleam of welcome day,
Then burst into a song.

Glory to God above;
The waters soon will cease,
For, lo! the swift returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud.

PSALM CXXXI.

LORD, for ever at thy side
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath reveal'd;
Thou hast spoken, — I believe,
Though the prophecy were seal'd.

Quiet as a weaned child,
Weaned from the mother's breast;
By no subtlety beguil'd,
On thy faithful word I rest.

Saints, rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust:
Him in all his ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

PSALM CXXXII.

No. 1.

God in his temple let us meet,
Low on our knees before Him bend;
Here hath He fix'd his mercy-seat,
Here on his Sabbath we attend.

Arise into thy resting-place,
Thou, and thine ark of strength, O Lord;
Shine through the veil, we seek thy face;
Speak, for we hearken to thy word.

With righteousness thy priests array;
Joyful thy chosen people be;
Let those who teach and those who pray,
Let all — be holiness to Thee.

PSALM CXXXII.

No. 2.

LORD, for thy servant David's sake,
Perform thine oath to David's son; —
Thy truth Thou never wilt forsake; —
Look on thine own Anointed One.

The Lord in faithfulness hath sworn,
His throne for ever to maintain;
From realm to realm, the sceptre borne
Shall stretch o'er earth Messiah's reign.

Zion my chosen hill of old,
My rest, my dwelling, my delight,
With loving-kindness I uphold,
Her walls are ever in my sight.

I satisfy her poor with bread,
Her tables with abundance bless,
Joy on her sons and daughters shed,
And clothe her priests with righteousness.

There David's horn shall bud and bloom,
The branch of glory and renown;
His foes my vengeance shall consume;
Him with eternal years I crown.

PSALM CXXXIII.

How beautiful the sight
  Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
  And bonds of charity;
'Tis like the precious ointment, shed
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

'Tis like the dews that fill
  The cups of Hermon's flowers;
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
  Bright with the drops of showers,
When mingling odours breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

For there the Lord commands
  Blessing, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,
  Yea, life for evermore:
Thrice happy they who meet above
To spend eternity in love!

PSALM CXXXIV.

Bless ye the Lord with solemn rite,
In hymns extol his name,
Ye who, within his house by night,
Watch round the altar's flame.

Lift up your hands amid the place
Where burns the sacred sign,
And pray, that thus Jehovah's face
O'er all the earth may shine.

From Zion, from his holy hill,
The Lord our Maker send
The perfect knowledge of his will,
Salvation without end.

PSALM CXXXVII.

WHERE Babylon's broad rivers roll,
In exile we sate down to weep,
For thoughts of Zion o'er our soul
Came, like departed joys, in sleep,
Whose forms to sad remembrance rise,
Though fled for ever from our eyes.

Our harps upon the willows hung,
Where, worn with toil, our limbs reclined;
The chords, untuned and trembling, rung
With mournful music on the wind,
While foes, insulting o'er our wrongs,
Cried, — "Sing us one of Zion's songs."

How can we sing the songs we love,
Far from our own delightful land?
— If I prefer thee not above
My chiefest joy, may this right hand,
Jerusalem! — forget its skill,
My tongue be dumb, my pulse be still.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

THEE will I praise, O Lord, in light,
Where seraphim surround thy throne;
With heart and soul, with mind and might,
Thee will I worship, Thee alone.

I bow toward thy holy place;
For Thou, in mercy still the same,
Hast magnified thy word of grace
O'er all the wonders of thy name.

In peril, when I cried to Thee,
How did thy strength renew my soul!
Kings and their realms might bend the knee,
Could I to man reveal the whole.

Thou, Lord, above all height art high,
Yet with the lowly wilt Thou dwell;
The proud far off, thy jealous eye
Shall mark, and with a look repel.

Though in the depth of trouble thrown,
With grief I shall not always strive,
Thou wilt thy suffering servant own,
And Thou the contrite heart revive.

Thy purpose then in me fulfil;
Forsake me not, for I am thine;
Perfect in me thine utmost will;
— Whate'er it be, that will be mine.

PSALM CXXXIX.

O

SEARCHER of hearts, to thee are known
The inmost secrets of my breast;
At home, abroad, in crowds, alone,
Thou mark'st my rising and my rest,
My thoughts far off, through every maze,
Source, stream, and issue, — all my ways.

No word that from my mouth proceeds,
Evil or good, escapes thine ear;
Witness Thou art to all my deeds,
Before, behind, for ever near:
Such knowledge is for me too high;
I live but in my Maker's eye.

How from thy presence should I go,
Or whither from thy Spirit flee,
Since all above, around, below,
Exist in thine immensity?
—If up to heav'n I take my way,
I meet Thee in eternal day.

If in the grave I make my bed
With worms and dust, lo, Thou art there;
If, on the wings of morning sped,
Beyond the ocean I repair,
I feel thine all-controlling will,
And Thy right hand upholds me still.

"Let darkness hide me," if I say,
Darkness can no concealment be:
Night, on thy rising, shines like day,
Darkness and light are one with Thee;
For Thou mine embryo-form didst view
Ere her own babe my mother knew.

In me thy workmanship display'd,
A miracle of power I stand;
Fearfully, wonderfully made,
And framed in secret by Thy hand;
I lived, ere into being brought,
Through thine eternity of thought.

How precious are thy thoughts of peace,
O God, to me! how great the sum!
New every morn, they never cease;
They were, they are, and yet shall come,
In number and in compass, more
Than ocean's sand, or ocean's shore.

Search me, O God, and know my heart,
Try me, my secret soul survey,
And warn thy servant to depart
From every false and evil way;
So shall thy truth my guidance be
To life and immortality.

PSALM CXLI.

LORD, let my prayer like incense rise,
And when I lift my hands to Thee,
As on the evening-sacrifice,
Look down from heaven, well-pleased, on me.

Set Thou a watch to keep my tongue,
Let not my heart to sin incline;
Save me from men who practise wrong,
Let me not share their mirth and wine.

But let the righteous, when I stray,
Smite me in love;— his strokes are kind;
His mild reproofs, like oil allay
The wounds they make, and heal the mind.

Mine eyes are unto Thee, my God;
Behold me humbled in the dust;
I kiss the hand that wields the rod,
I own thy chastisements are just.

But O redeem me from the snares,
With which the world surrounds my feet,
— Its riches, vanities, and cares,
Its love, its hatred, its deceit.

PSALM CXLII.

I CRIED unto the Lord most just,
Most merciful, in prayer;
I cried unto Him from the dust,
I told Him my despair.

When sunk my soul within me, — then
Thou knew'st the path I chose;
Unharm'd I pass'd the spoiler's den,
I walk'd through ambush'd foes.

I look'd for friends, — there was not one
In sorrow to condole;
I look'd for refuge, — there was none;
None cared for my soul.

I cried unto the Lord; — I said, —
Thou art my refuge; Thou,
My portion; — hasten to mine aid;
Hear and deliver *now*.

O

Now, from the dungeon, from the grave, —
Exalt thy suppliant's head;
Thy voice is freedom to the slave,
Revival to the dead.

PSALM CXLIII.

HEAR me, O Lord, in my distress,
Hear me in truth and righteousness;
For at thy bar of judgment tried,
None living can be justified.

Lord, I have foes without, within,
The world, the flesh, indwelling sin,
Life's daily ills, temptation's power,
And Satan roaring to devour.

These, these my fainting soul surround,
My strength is smitten to the ground;
Like those long dead, beneath their weight
Crush'd is my heart and desolate.

Yet, in the gloom of silent thought,
I call to mind what God hath wrought,
Thy wonders in the days of old,
Thy mercies great and manifold.

Ah! then to Thee I stretch my hands,
Like failing streams through desert-sands;
I thirst for Thee, as harvest plains
Parch'd by the summer thirst for rains.

O let me not thus hopeless lie,
Like one condemn'd at morn to die,
But with the morning may I see
Thy loving-kindness visit me.

Teach me thy will, subdue my own;
Thou art my God, and Thou alone;
By thy good Spirit guide me still,
Safe from all foes, to Zion's hill.

Release my soul from trouble, Lord;
Quicken and keep me by thy word;
May all its promises be mine;
Be Thou my portion — I am thine.

PSALM CXLIV.

THE Lord is gracious to forgive,
And slow to let his anger move;
The Lord is good to all that live,
And all his tender mercy prove.

Thy works, O God, thy praise proclaim;
The saints thy wondrous deeds shall sing,
Extol thy power, and to thy name
Homage from every nation bring.

Glorious in majesty art Thou;
Thy throne for ever shall endure;
Angels before Thy footstool bow,
Yet dost Thou not despise the poor.

The Lord upholdeth them that fall;
He raiseth men of low degree;
O God, our health, the eyes of all,
Of all the living, wait on Thee.

Thou openest thine exhaustless store,
And rainest food on every land;
The dumb creation Thee adore,
And eat their portion from thy hand.

Man, most indebted, most ingrate,
Man only, is a rebel here;
Teach him to know Thee, ere too late;
Teach him to love Thee, and to fear.

PSALM CXLVIII.

HERALDS of creation cry,
— Praise the Lord, the Lord most high;
Heaven and earth, obey the call,
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.

For He spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light;
He commanded, — Nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.

Praise Him, all ye hosts above,
Spirits perfected in love;
Sun and moon, your voices raise,
Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise.

Earth, from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow;
Lightning, vapour, wind, and storm,
Hail and snow, his will perform.

Vales and mountains, burst in song;
Rivers, roll with praise along;
Clap your hands, ye trees, and hail
God, who comes in every gale.

Birds, on wings of rapture, soar,
Warble at his temple-door;
Joyful sounds, from herds and flocks,
Echo back, ye caves and rocks.

Kings, your Sovereign serve with awe;
Judges, own his righteous law;
Princes, worship Him with fear;
Bow the knee, all people here.

Let his truth by babes be told,
And his wonders by the old;
Youths and maidens, in your prime,
Learn the lays of heaven betime.

High above all height his throne,
Excellent his name alone;
Him let all his works confess;
Him let every being bless.

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